

# The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1531.

London, October 29, 1930

{ REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }

1/-

**MARTELL'S**  
GUARANTEED  
**CORDON ROUGE BLEU**  
YEARS IN  
CASK  
**THE COGNAC LIQUEUR BRANDY**

**DOCTOR'S  
CHINA  
TEA**  
Dyspeptics  
and invalids can  
drink The Doctor's  
China Tea because it  
contains no free tannin.  
**1-lb. FREE.**  
Simply send 6d. in stamps to  
cover postage and packing, and  
we will promptly send you a 2-oz.  
packet of each of the 3/4- and 3/8  
qualities—making in all a free  
quarter lb. of the world's finest  
China Tea. There is also a super  
quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of  
which will be included on  
receipt of an additional 6d.  
**HARDEN BROS. &  
LINDSAY, Ltd.,**  
Dept. 86a, 30-34,  
Mincing Lane, E.C. 3  
CVS.5

**BARKER  
DOBSON**  
VERONA  
**CHOCOLATES**  
Send 3d. postage  
for FREE Sample  
**BARKER DOBSON, Liverpool, Eng.**

By Appointment to H.M. King George V  
**CHAMPAGNE**  
**Charles Heidsieck**  
**REIMS**  
FINEST QUALITY **EXTRA DRY**

BY APPOINTMENT  
**PARIPAN**  
**ENAMEL**  
"The more you wash it the better it looks."  
**PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.**  
Sherwood House, Piccadilly Circus, W. 1  
Telephones: Reg. 1780 and 1784.

**PONTRESINA** 6000 ft., ENGADINE  
THE CLIMBING CENTRE OF EASTERN SWITZERLAND  
All Summer and Winter Sports.  
18 Golf Holes. **THE** Private Tennis Courts.  
**KRONENHOF**  
The Historic English House  
250 Rooms and Baths Self-Contained Suites  
L. Gredig, Proprietor and Manager.

The finest **LIQUEUR**  
with the after-  
dinner coffee  
**COINTREAU**  
Extra Dry for England  
Insist upon  
"Extra Dry"  
on neck label

**ROOD & Co Ltd**  
DEALERS  
IN  
**FINE  
JEWELS**  
55 YEARS' REPUTATION  
FOR EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.  
52 & 53, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London,  
W. 1  
Jewels Purchased, Exchanged, Valued or  
Remounted.

The most palatable form of  
Iron Tonic, convenient, easy to  
take; devoid of all the usual  
drawbacks of Iron Tonics.

Dr. A. O. H. writes:—  
"Iron Jelloids give the greatest  
satisfaction, the usual disagreeable  
effects of taking iron being absent."

*The World's Tonic*  
**Iron Jelloids**

Of all Chemists. Ten days' Treatment, price 1/3. Large size, 3/-  
Manufactured by the Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., 189, Central Street, London, E.C. 1.

Unequalled for **ANÆMIA**  
and **WEAKNESS** in **MEN,**  
**WOMEN & CHILDREN,**  
1/3 and 3/- per box.

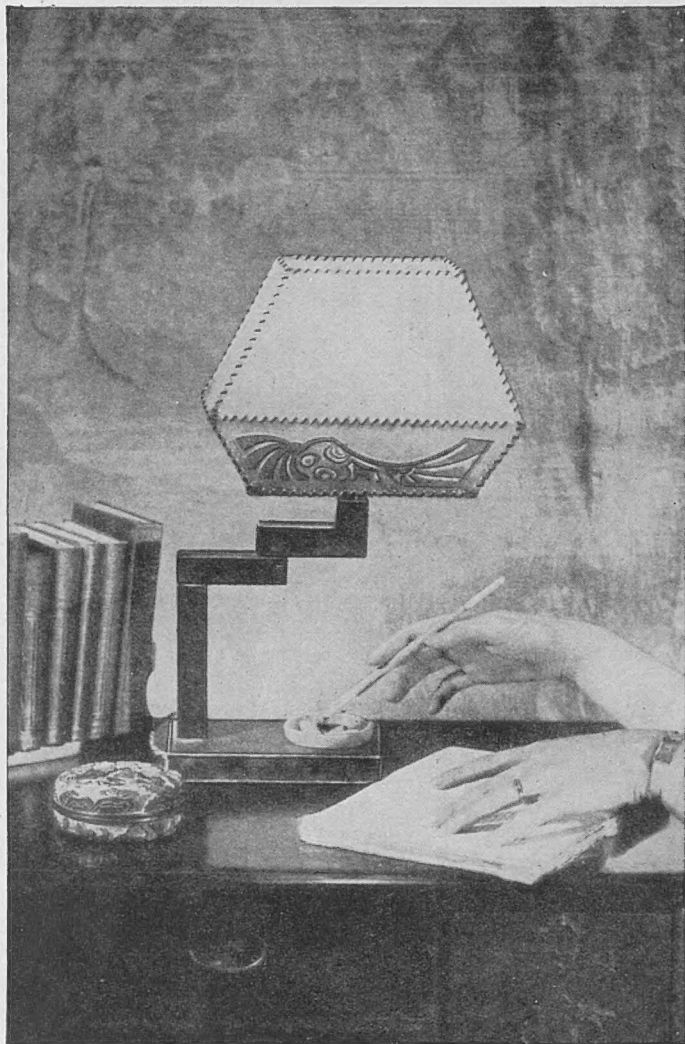
Dr. A. H. R. writes:—  
"My wife finds Iron Jelloids very  
agreeable and easy to take."



# G.E.C.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTINGS *of Distinction*

*Made at Magnet Works, Birmingham*



### Inspect

the magnificent range at the  
Company's Public Showrooms—

**MAGNET HOUSE**  
KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2

### Also

the ALL-ELECTRIC BUNGALOW completely  
equipped on the most modern lines with the finest  
examples of electric light fittings in the country

**THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. · LTD**

WHOLESALE BRANCHES AND PUBLIC SHOWROOMS  
THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND OVERSEAS

AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · SOUTH AFRICA · INDIA  
& BURMA · MALAYA · CHINA · ARGENTINE · PARIS · ETC.



**will fight  
your cold  
as you sleep**

Put a drop of "Vapex" on your pillow. While you sleep the healing vapour increases in strength. As you breathe, it reaches all the recesses where cold germs colonise. The "stiffness" is quickly relieved. Your head clears. Congestion is broken up. Infection is stopped before it has time to become dangerous.

That is the secret—tackling the cold in time, with "Vapex." A single germ, neglected, may become many millions of germs by this time to-morrow.

Each morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief so that you can breathe the vapour during the day.

*Of Chemists*

*2/- & 3/- per bottle*

**THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.**

Bardsley Vale, Lincs.

V.64

**WELCOME ALWAYS KEEP IT HANDY**

**GRANT'S** MORELLA **CHERRY BRANDY**

"Sportsmans" DRY "Queens" SWEET



GRANT'S, MAIDSTONE.  
ESTABLISHED 1774

ENJOY BRITAIN'S SUPREME LIQUEUR

GRANT'S SLOE GIN &  
GRANT'S GINGER BRANDY

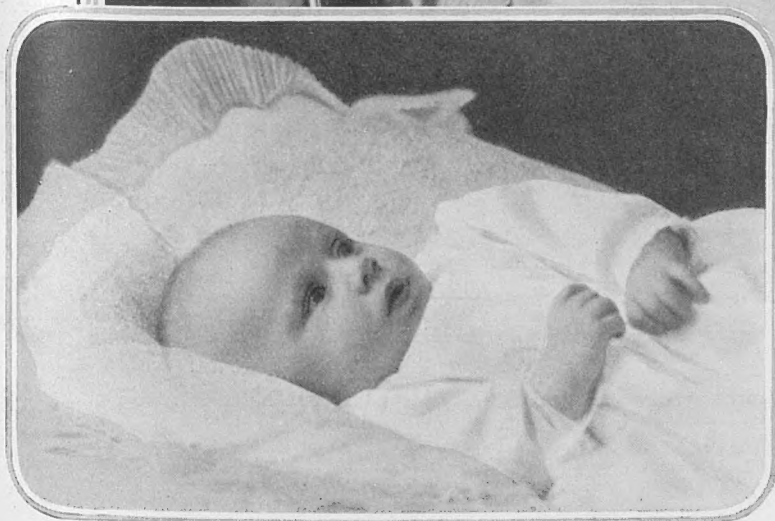
# The TATTLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1531.

London, October 29, 1930

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4½d.

Price One Shilling



## THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS MARGARET

A charming portrait study of the Second Lady in the Land with her younger daughter. Princess Margaret arrived in London with her parents last week, and eager groups gather daily outside 145, Piccadilly, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of England's new baby. The little Princess will be ten weeks old to-morrow (October 30), and it is easy to see that she continues to merit the words "doing fine" which accompanied the announcement of her birth on August 21

*Photographs by Speaight, New Bond Street*



# The Letters of Eve



AT THE JAM SAHIB'S SHOOT AT SWAFFHAM PRIORY

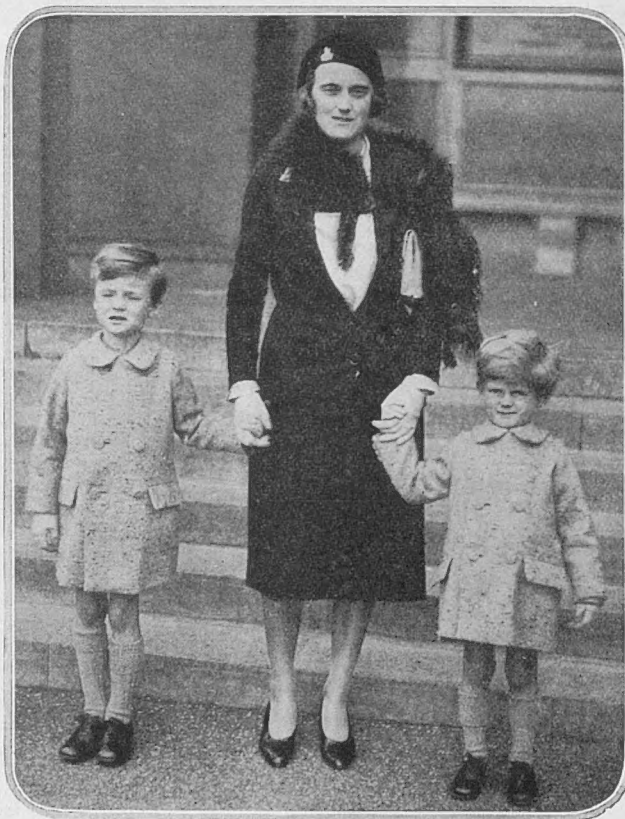
Weston McGlone

The Jam Sahib of Nawanagar will never be anything else but "Ranji" to his countless friends and admirers in this country, and there is hardly a more popular personality in the whole British Empire. H.H. of Bikanir, who was one of the guests at Swaffham, is probably one of the finest big game shots in the world. The names in the group, left to right, are: Standing—Mr. C. Seaman, A.D.C., Mr. Yarrow, Mr. Bullard, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, Mr. C. Rush, —; seated—Mr. A. Sadler, Mr. A. Somerset, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Major-General H.H. the Maharajah of Bikanir, Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, M.P., and Dr. Heasman

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**D**EAR Kind, Long-suffering Friend,—Here with a further dissertation on things in general and matrimony in particular. It is difficult to avoid this theme, as so many people of note have lately been involved in it. Nowadays parties on a large scale are rare, and it takes something like a wedding to incite people to entertain. October is obviously the month in which to be married, each day being more lovely than the last. On one of the most beautiful there were two weddings of equal importance happening simultaneously and many people found it difficult to decide at which one friendship demanded their presence. However, it was possible to compromise by first attending the service for Miss Rosemary Hope - Vere and Mr. John Drury - Lowe at the Guards' Chapel and then going on to the reception at the Governor's House, Royal Hospital, where Miss Mary Grenfell was the cause of the gathering.

This plan worked well for the nimble, but I must not proceed before saying a word about the Guards' Chapel bride, who came well up to expectations when she ultimately did arrive, and looked a dream. All her Scottish friends were there of course, and it was well that no unauthorized



LADY BELPER AND HER SONS

Lady Belper is Lord Belper's second wife and was Miss Angela Tollemache before her marriage in 1923. The two little boys are the Hon. Peter Strutt, born in 1924, and the Hon. Desmond Strutt, born in 1926

persons got in as there was only just room for those invited.

Lady Belper loaned two small sons as pages so that the bridegroom should have the support of other Derbyshire men. Lord and Lady Scarsdale and Lady Georgiana Curzon were others who came from the same neighbourhood.

**I**t is now time to move on to Chelsea where by then Miss Grenfell had become Mrs. Geoffrey Waldegrave. There is no more perfect setting for a wedding reception than the Governor's House, and the Pensioners who formed the guard of honour completed the picture of old-world spaciousness which the place always gives.

There is no congestion however big the crowd, and the high central room, whose windows look on to the sloping lawns, is an ideal site for displaying the presents. One seems suddenly to have been transported into the country, so tree-sheltered is the most pleasing prospect. Among the guests who were really enjoying these surroundings was Louisa, Lady Antrim, quite one of the nicest people alive. With her came Miss Vere Vivian Smith, looking very well in green, and trying to improve the shining hour by getting her friends interested in the varied charities for



which she works so hard. Lady Violet Benson, Mrs. Lionel Hichens, and Miss Katharine Fordham, were other nice members of the goodly company present.

One would have imagined that four consecutive days at Newmarket would have temporarily satisfied even the most constant supporters of equine speed tests. Not a bit of it. There they were in plenty at Lingfield, leavening a large crowd of less perpetual frequenters of racing rendezvous, whose presence was explained by the superb sunshine and the Autumn Oaks. The resultant dose of Quinine had a lowering effect on the spirits of some of them, but Lord Ellesmere's friends and connections were naturally jubilant.

If you don't by now know the names of the regulars by heart you never will. I have "plugged" them often enough lately and refuse to do so again. There were, however, large numbers of McAlpines, whose habitations are all within easy reach of Surrey courses. And I must not forget Lady Godfrey-Faussett, who loves racing because it provides such a good excuse for being out of doors.

Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, who is one of the King's Equerries, has one of the most "desirable residences" in London—to borrow the phrase beloved by house agents, which is for once apposite. This is Ranger's Lodge, in the middle of

Hyde Park near the Serpentine, and very handily protected by the Police Station. The only possible disadvantage is the necessity for giving due warning if after midnight departures or returns are contemplated, as in this case the Park gates have to be specially opened.

Of the making of many books there is admittedly no end, and this season's crop has

surreptitious look into an authentic history book to reinforce your mind with incidents not memorable that you realize the extent of the authors' cleverness. "Up Jenkins and Smash-ems," their version of the Iron Duke's order at Waterloo, is a typical example of their garblings which will, I think, cause you constant giggles.

Mr. Yeatman's sister, Fay, is already well known to you as a very ornamental member of Sir Nigel Playfair's lyrical company, and as for the other perpetrator of this diverting piece, I hope and expect he may become a best Seller.

Another forthcoming contributor to the autumn spate of books is Mr. Cecil Beaton; his will be well illustrated by quantities of drawings and photographs. He is adept at both these forms of art; his pencil has a satirical point, and the camera under his jurisdiction develops almost mediumistic tendencies, being capable of conjuring portraits out of the most unlikely places. Therefore this volume should be of diverse interest,

being intended as a modern version of the Victorian books of beauty with contemporary faces as trimming. Mr. Beaton tells in most descriptive fashion his impressions of all the lovely ladies he has admired since, as a precocious child, his heart was divided between Queen Alexandra at Sandringham and Lily Elsie in *The Merry Widow*.

Other people subjected to his lens and pen are Lily Langtry, Lady D'Abernon, Gaby Deslys, Virginia Woolf, Mrs. James Beck, the Marquise de Casa Maury, and Anita Loos, a promising variety. Having completed the book, this versatile young man has a new acquisition in the form of an old cottage to fall back on. This is in Wiltshire, and he has of course had lots of ideas about the furnishing and decoration. Gold-spotted wall-papers catch the eye, and his long-legged friends will appreciate the foresight which provides a bed 7 ft. in length. His own bed is

(Continued on p. 196)



AT THE NICHOLSON-HANBURY WEDDING: LADY GLENCONNER AND MRS. CHANCELLOR

Outside Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, where Mr. Gerald Nicholson, the eldest son of Major Reginald and Lady Margaret Nicholson was married to Miss Margaret Hanbury. Lady Glenconner was formerly Miss Pamela Paget and is a daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Paget

great diversity. Which of them will be "a Good Thing and Memorable" remains to be seen. And this brings me to one of the most entrancing chortles I have met with for ages.

"1066 and All That" is the vague yet comprehensive title which Mr. Sellar and Mr. Julian Yeatman have chosen for their collection of historical happenings—facts they cannot be called—with which they suggest the average youthful brain is stuffed. A glorious mixture results, very slick and witty, though it is only after you have taken a



SIR THOMAS AND LADY DEVITT AND MRS. DEVITT

At the wedding of Mr. Gerald Nicholson and Miss Margaret Hanbury at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, last week. Sir Thomas Devitt is the famous Rugger International and married Miss Joan Freemantle in June last



AT THE DRURY-LOWE-HOPE-VERE WEDDING

A group of some of the numerous guests at the Guards' Chapel last week when Mr. John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, was married to Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere. The names, left to right, are: The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, Mrs. Pat Davidson, Mrs. Lee Guinness, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, and Mrs. Philip Kindersley, who was Miss Oonagh Guinness, and is the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness' daughter



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

even more original, being related to a merry-go-round. Not that it revolves, but the maker, whose sphere of activity is usually confined to circus equipment, is providing the orthodox twisted poles and possibly some painted animals.

\* \* \*

I should apologize for specializing in authors this week were it not for the fact that Mary Borden is the present subject for attention. She is of very real importance among present-day novelists, and her "A Woman With White Eyes," which appeared last week, adds further to her credit. She left for America in the *Britannic* in order to be in that country when this new book is published there.

Either continent is home to her though. Her London house makes an admirable setting for all the other interests she has apart from writing. These are multifarious, and before sailing Mrs. Spears had as much to do in a week as other people would need a month for. Three daughters who are absorbing knowledge in different parts of England had to have a farewell visit paid to them as well as a son who is destined for Winchester. Then General Spears had political work to attend to, as he is Conservative candidate for Carlisle. When you think of so many things which must need discussion and decision it is wonderful how many noteworthy books Mrs. Spears has produced.

In addition she is tremendously interested in the possibilities of writing for the talkies; two scenarios are ready for negotiations, and she believes this form of expression has a real future, though the technique of writing for the films is entirely different from anything else and extremely difficult.

\* \* \*

Sir John and Lady Ward, too, are off to America on their yearly visit, and Mr. Henry Ford is another to return to his own country. He sailed on the *Europa* and chartered his own tug to take him to the boat. The Ranee of Pudukota also used the *Europa* to take her on what should have been a flying visit to Paris, but she had been seeing friends off at Southampton so thought it easier to choose that more lengthy route. She has returned with two good silly stories which may be new to you. One concerns a wife who consulted a doctor about her husband's habit of talking in his sleep, "for," she complained, "he is so terribly indistinct." The other is about two men who overtook a third and asked him why he was walking with one foot in the gutter. "Oh," he replied, "I thought I was limping."

Lady Louis Mountbatten and Sir John and Lady Milbanke have also just returned from a few days in Paris. So have Lord and Lady Clarendon, who start for South Africa, where he succeeds Lord Athlone, just after the New Year.

\* \* \*

As an alternative to midget golf I can recommend the game of put-and-take as played in London one day last week. Any number of persons can take part, and there is only one rule to be observed, though this reverses the usual procedure to which golfers are accustomed in that the flag must be removed after putting and not before. I am alluding to the Navy League's Nelson Day, held, very properly, on the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

London's memorial to the greatest of all admirals was naturally a centre of flag-selling activity, with Lady Howe and her daughter, descendants of another famous naval commander, to reinforce its decorations. Box-shaking was also proceeding most briskly in Bond Street, where Miss Mary Richmond and Miss Leslie Lampson were holding up the pedestrian traffic to ransom with every sign of success. Colonel Freddie Cripps was noticeably a paying concern, a description which also covers his new venture in this locality.



LORD CHESTERFIELD AND MRS. A. WORMALD WITH HER "KNAITH ELISS"

At the Kennel Club's Retriever Trials at Ford Castle, Berwick-on-Tweed. Lord Chesterfield married the Hon. Enid Edith Wilson, a daughter of the first Lord Nunburnholme and an aunt of the present one



Balmain

THE HON. JEAN LOCH AND MR. GUY NEUMANN

Whose engagement was announced recently. The Hon. Jean Loch is the second daughter of Major-General Lord Loch and Lady Loch, and Mr. Neumann is the second son of the late Sir Sigismund Neumann, Bt.

Sir Claude de Crespigny's method of celebrating Trafalgar Day was by giving a dinner at the Carlton Club so that some of his friends could meet members of the Mermaid Club, an aptly-named company of exceedingly pretty girl swimmers. Sir Claude frequently gives parties of this nature, his sound idea being to encourage people to be "good mixers."

From the moment that Lady de Crespigny greeted the many guests the evening was a grand success, one of the best items being Lord Burghley's speech. This was full to the brim with quips and good stories connected with his recently-completed athletic expedition overseas. One of these concerned a fellow-passenger, who expressed his intense gratification at meeting his first lord, having, as he explained, already seen the Zoo and the British Museum.

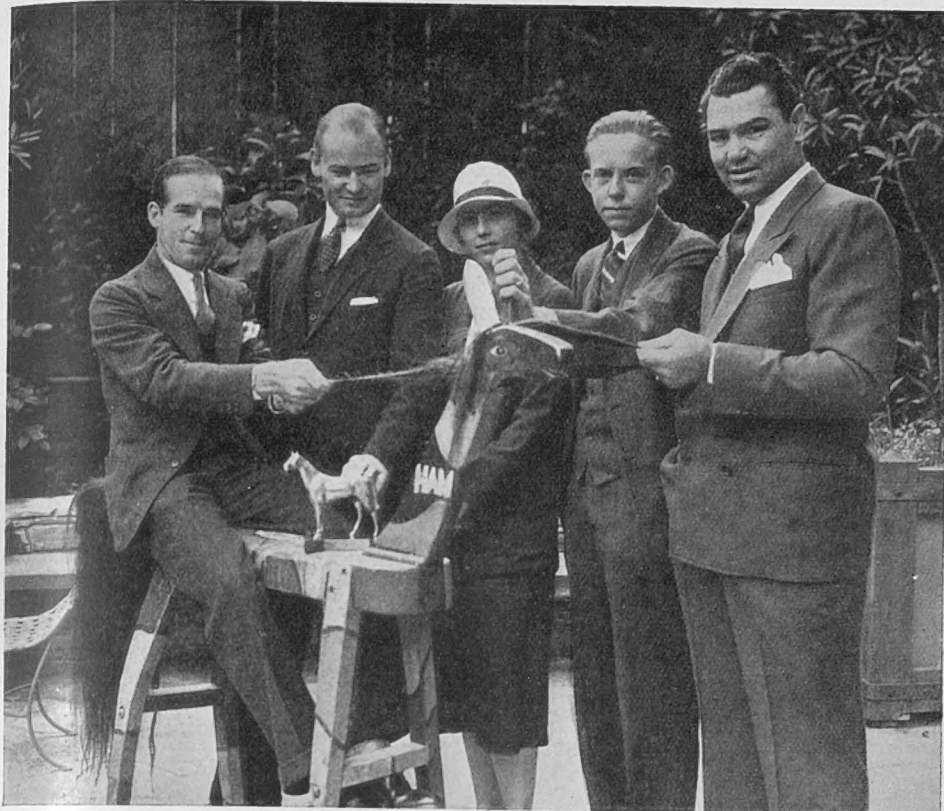
\* \* \*

Lady Burghley, looking more than charming, was there too, and so were Lord and Lady Allenby, Lord Decies, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Agnew. Mr. Agnew was lately appointed to the King's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, and he and his wife have just taken Combe Place, near Lewes. They also have a flat in Brook Street full of enviable pictures and furniture.

Talking of beautiful things, the Persian Exhibition, which opens at Burlington House early in the New Year, is something worth looking forward to. And don't forget the Persian Ball on December 18 at Grosvenor House. I hear it is to be full of the most exciting surprises.—Love, EVE.



## PRESENTATION PICTURES



HAM AND EGGSERCISE

Notables gathered round the famous wooden horse of the Los Angeles Breakfast Club during a ham-and-egg party given in honour of competitors in the Women's National Golf Championship. Mr. Harry Cooper ("Lighthorse") is taking the mount on Ham; next comes Mr. Eric Pedley, No. 1 of the American polo team, then Miss Glenna Collett, who retained her title in the championship, Mr. Robert Buck, a breaker of flying records, and Mr. Jack Dempsey

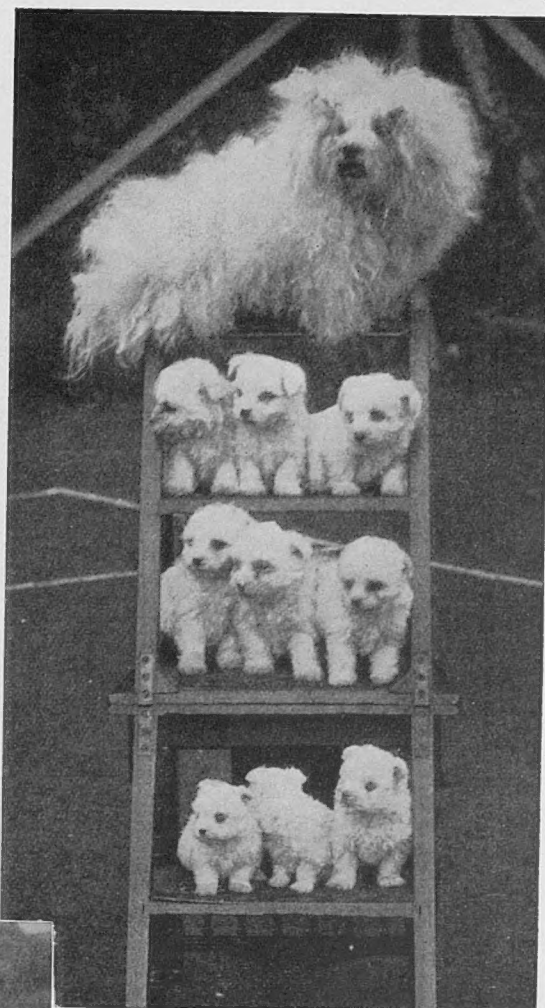


MISS CICELY OAKES AND CAPTAIN WALTER BURRELL AT LEE PLACE



LADY LECONFIELD AND CAPTAIN SPEAR

At the Leconfield Hunter Trials with which the snapshots on the left and right are also concerned. They were held at Lee Place, Wimbrough Green, and Lady Leconfield was one of the most active participants. Captain Burrell and Mrs. Bagnell were also among the starters. The former is Sir Merrik Burrell's elder son. Miss Marjorie Leigh, one of Leicestershire's most decorative and popular features, has an enviable string of perfect horses on which she pursues the Meltonshire packs with enthusiasm. She is Sir John Leigh's only daughter



FIRST STEPS TO FAME

A litter of Maltese puppies with their father, whose many wins they hope to emulate, pictured at Miss Van Oppen's kennels at Hadley in Hertfordshire



THE THIRST PRIZE; MISS MARJORIE LEIGH AND MRS. WALTER BAGNELL





MISS FRANCES DEE

The charming young actress who is Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in his latest big film, "Playboy of Paris," which is the successor of "The Love Parade" and "The Big Pond"

ONE of the things I shall never understand is Big Business. I cannot understand, for example, in what way the spending of money brings about prosperity. If I buy a motor-car for £1,000, i.e. for which I promise ultimately to pay £1,000 plus interest, it seems to me that I have just taken £200 out of my pocket and thrown it into the gutter, because if I merely drove that car across the street I should not get a penny more than £800 for it. In the next twelve months I should throw away £300 more, because by the time the Motor Show comes round again I should be lucky to get £500. As with motor-cars so with neck-ties. I presume that the 3s. 6d., or whatever it is that the Burlington Arcade now charges, is productive expenditure, and the fact that I buy a neck-tie enables the producers of neck-ties to produce more of them. In other words, the community as a whole gets richer because everybody in it is getting poorer! Which seems to me to be good sound fudge. Is it argued that a nation's increased expenditure is not the cause but the sign of increased national prosperity? But to suggest this is to argue that people wait to buy things until they have the money to pay for them. J'ever hear such nonsense? as my Lord Castlewood might have reasonably asked. Does anybody imagine that if I had £1,000 I should throw that sum away upon a motor-car?

In my view the only excuse for such a luxury is to drown penury and to have something wherewith to hoot derisively at your butcher and baker as you pass their unimaginative establishments. Only a jaundiced mind, I suppose, would endeavour to deduce anything from the fact that at a time when unemployment was never higher, the roads were never more thickly crowded with new motor-cars. The plain truth of the matter is that people will always have money for luxuries however hard up they may be for necessities. It is the old story of Murger's Bohemians who, having decided that they could not possibly spend more than 17 francs during the rest of the month, came back with a Turkish pipe costing a louis. They gave the explanation that once they had seen this Turkish pipe they realized that life would be unbearable without it. I should have no objection to the broker's man laying hands on the bed in which I sleep since there is always the floor. But hands off that favourite bin of claret! The world of entertainment is capital evidence for my theory that people can always produce money for something that they really want. Lancashire has not known such destitution since "the hungry forties"; people are starved to the marrow of their bones, and through their thin rags you can count the ribs of once prosperous merchants. Yet

# The Cinema

At the New Victoria

By JAMES AGATE

Mr. Cochran has only to announce his Young Ladies and for a month all Manchester's theatrical records will be broken. This is possible only on the assumption that, though the people in Manchester present so stiff an upper lip to starvation, that they appear to care very little whether they live or die, they are fully determined to regale the dying vision with Mr. Cochran's other than ghostly comforts. Let Mr. Jolson or Mr. Chevalier appear and packed houses will choke with emotion though they have had nothing else to choke with for a week. Marie Antoinette was more nearly right than is generally supposed when she proposed cake as a diet for people who could not afford bread. What that misunderstood dear meant was that people who cannot afford bread will always find the money for cake.

The cinema world provides even better proof of what I have been trying to say. According to the figures given in the report of the Parliamentary Commission on this subject a few years ago, every inhabitant of the British Isles went to the cinema fifty-two times a year. Since then there has been an enormous increase in the number of new cinemas, all of which whenever I visit them are invariably crowded. Judge then of my astonishment when I went into the New Victoria the other afternoon and was shown into a really magnificent circle. At once I gazed around me with a wild surmise for there were not a dozen people in it! The stalls, too, seemed almost as sparsely attended though the cheaper parts were fairly well filled. The trouble, I think, though it cuts me to the heart to say it, is that the main picture was just a little too good. Though the film had been adapted from Mr. Galsworthy's short story, "Old English," which a year or two ago we saw as a play in which Mr. Norman McKinnel gave a really magnificent performance, Old Heythorp was acted on this occasion by Mr. George Arliss, who has the great actor's power of making you think that if an Indian rajah, Disraeli, and old Heythorp were not all exactly like Mr. Arliss they ought to have been. But somehow or other the story, unless I was sensing what there was of an audience all wrong, did not seem to grip it in the way in which one remembered the play to have gripped a sophisticated audience. Old Heythorp asks his valet if he has ever heard of Edmund Kean, and the valet wants to know if he is any relation of Bob Kean, the ventriloquist. Heythorp goes on to talk of Mario, Grisi, and Lablache, and one may be forgiven that he is talking double Dutch to an audience which knows only of Jolson and Chevalier.

The story is not exactly a pretty one, and provides one more example of the knack possessed by the champions of unctuous rectitude for letting you perceive that they could if they wanted see the other fellow's point of view. It is difficult to imagine anything less typically Galsworthy than this old blackguard cheating his shareholders to provide for his illegitimate offspring and drinking himself into apoplexy to cheat his creditors. Mr. Galsworthy was at any time capable of drawing a rogue; the strange thing is to see him patting that rogue on the back. At the New Victoria the audience faintly but unmistakably giggled as each successive bumper of champagne and port went down. The management has my sympathy. Instead of truckling to imbecility, it has put on a first-class film, with the result that the programme is apparently insufficiently attractive to our imbeciles. Now it cannot be too strongly advanced on behalf of that much-abused person, the film-renter, that he is not in business for his health. Whoever controls the New Victoria has got a magnificent picture-house, though I will confess that I do not like any part of any theatre being underground. Whoever directs this theatre has got to get the public into it, and if the public will not come to good pictures, it is obvious that they must be wooed with bad. Let me hope, however, that an early afternoon performance does not provide a typical audience—or lack of it. There is an alternative explanation. "Where's everybody?" I asked my friend—who replied: "At the Motor Show."

*A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii*



# TALKING ABOUT WALES . . .



LORD TREDEGAR, M.F.H., AND HIS  
SISTER, THE HON. MRS. HOARE



AT THE TREDEGAR HUNTER TRIALS

THE HON. EVAN MORGAN  
AND MISS DAVIES-EVANS



LADY BUTE, MR. TURNBULL,  
AND MISS MCGREACH



LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART AND  
MR. GUITAUT AT CARDIFF RACES



ALSO AT THE CARDIFF MEETING:  
MRS. WHITWELL AND MR. MORGAN



MRS. JOHN DUNCAN AND MRS.  
CHARLES AMUSED AT CARDIFF

Before undertaking the serious business which begins on November 1, hunters have been proving their handiness in a regular spate of tests all over the country. Lord Tredegar's Hunter Trials were held last week at Coedkernew, the very good entries providing plenty of onlookers with a constantly moving picture. Lord Tredegar is a public benefactor to the sporting population of Monmouth and Glamorgan, for people are permitted to hunt with his hounds without subscription or cap. Mr. Evan Morgan is his only son, and Miss Davies-Evans is a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel D. Davies-Evans, the Master of the Penylan. Lady Bute has lately been in residence at venerable Cardiff Castle. Lord David Crichton-Stuart, who is her third son, attended Cardiff races, where Mr. J. T. Morgan, the Oxford cricket blue, was also to be seen. Mrs. John Duncan is an ex lady golf champion



# RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

THERE seem to have been very few meetings this year at which one has not backed old Oak Ridge and either won one's money or had a great race for it, and the Challenge Stakes, in which he went under by a head and a neck, was one of the best races of the season. Joe Childs rode the most perfect race to win on Soloptic, whose form wasn't very encouraging, by a neck from Le Phare, who looked a winner in running. The Middle Park Stakes was won in a trot by Portlaw from Goyescas, who seems not only not to have improved but to have trained off. The winner raced with his head on one side, and one who is perhaps the best judge in England will have none of him as a top-class two-year-old or a classic three-year-old. Without any hesitation he discarded all the other likely juveniles and plumped unreservedly for the oddly named Jacques Emile Blanche as being the most probable classic horse of next season. It almost goes without saying that this belongs to His Highness the Aga Khan; in such a lucky vein is he, and it will be interesting to see how this prognostication turns out.

With the exception of one or two jobs in the mouth such as Soloptic, backers had quite a good time, and one nobleman is reported to have won £5,000 on the meeting, partly due to having selected Young Ben at 20 to 1 as a medium for investment on the strength of it being the name of his first-born. Charmain, his second-born, did not yield such good results in the next race, which was won by that disappointing black horse, Strongbow, whose head gets higher and higher the farther he goes and his action more sprawly, like old Black Gown who won so many races a few years ago. Major "Vandy" Beatty, who trained the latter, has been laid up in Lady Carnarvon's nursing home, said to be the best club in London after the House of Commons, but his many friends will be glad to hear he is about again. Fred Darling is another trainer who has been laid up a few days following a fainting fit at Newmarket on the last day of the meeting.

The Cambridgeshire is, as ever, the trickiest race of the year on which to have a bet; compared to it the Cesarewitch is child's-play. Generally speaking it is a class horse who wins it, and probably one of the big stables will capture it in consequence. Fred Darling must know how good The Recorder is, and if there is any truth in the rumours of the stakes stood to be won over him the race is all over. Quarrat-al-Ain one has never regarded as quite getting this journey, and the shortening of price may be due to the influence of doubles, but one can't leave out this stable in its present vein. Grand Master is said to get this distance, but he doesn't seem class enough, though apparently he is preferred to Rose of England. Lord Bill is a big, rather idle horse who wants the strongest of jockeys to get him out, and I can't fancy him; Racedale doesn't seem good enough, and as The Recorder is said to be the best three-year-old since Hurry On and is the selected of a very strong entry from Beckhampton probably he is the best to stand.

With the Cambridgeshire over, the interest in racing vanishes for the majority, the November Handicap being the only race of any importance left. This is only held about once every three years owing to frost, fog, or snow, and it must be admitted that when the weather has once broken racing

is a very cold and cheerless pastime, only undertaken by the hardy breed of steeplechase enthusiasts who seem to disappear in the summer, probably to Alaska to keep fit. It is said that Walter Nightingall receives a wire every week, "Please don't run me this week—Jugo," and both he and his opposite number, Oak Ridge,



LADY RODNEY AND MRS. C. C. WILLIAMS  
AT THE TREDEGAR HUNTER TRIALS

Lord Tredegar's hunter trials are always a most interesting curtain-raiser to the season proper. Mrs. Williams is the wife of Lord Tredegar's Joint Master, Mr. C. C. Williams, and Lady Rodney is a daughter of the Hon. Lancelot Lowther



## "THE LINGFIELD AUTUMN OAKS"

MR. W. M. CAZALET

Who came to see his Phalarette go down to Quinine at Lingfield the other day. Mr. Cazalet is one of Manton's oldest patrons, and has won innumerable races. He always arrives just before his horses run and leaves immediately afterwards

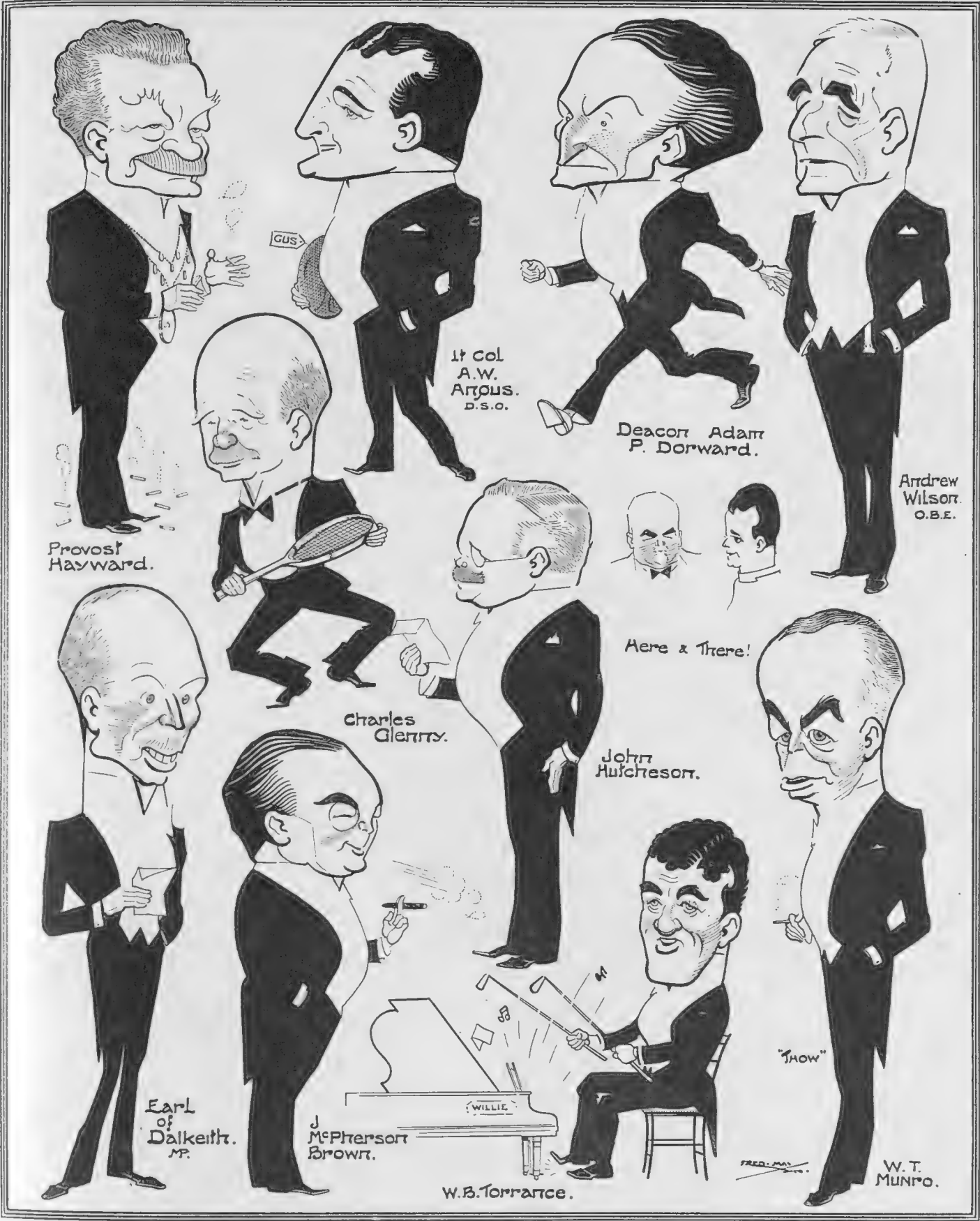
are entitled to put their heads under their wings and hibernate for six months.

It is to be hoped that some radical change will occur in everyone's finances before next season as the number of owners and breeders that are dropping out of the game is very large, and several of the larger stables had no orders to buy yearlings at all this year. With horses cheaper, if stakes could be increased by the tote an increased number of small owners might be brought in, but the tote seems to be fighting a very uphill battle, and it will be more than interesting to see the figures published at the end of the financial year. The daily double seems to be quite the best thing they have produced, and as long as open and difficult races are selected the prices will generally beat the books.

During the past few months the Jockey Club have taken very strong action with regard to doping, which in some cases has been criticized and a great song and dance made about it. One may rest assured that the stewards take no action unless they are absolutely sure they are right, and they have a considerable amount of information from various sources to confirm their opinions of which the public has no knowledge. The last thing they wish to do is to take away a man's livelihood, but they are rightly determined to stamp out this abuse at all costs.



THE WOOLLEN AND TWEED DINNER



AMONGST THOSE AT GALASHIELS—BY FRED MAY

The Woollen and Tweed Manufacturers' Corporation of Scotland's motto is "We dye to live and live to die." The H.Q. is at Galashiels, the centre of the Scotch woollen industry. The first dinner consisted of pies and port, but the 154th anniversary dinner was slightly different, and was the kind of thing even Lucullus would not have despised. In 1821 Sir Walter Scott was the chief guest at the dinner. The chairman and deacon, Mr. A. P. Dorward, proposed the Royal toast, and replied to the "Town and Trade of Galashiels" toast, which was splendidly proposed by Mr. Andrew Wilson, O.B.E.—the best speech of a cheery evening. The Earl of Dalkeith replied to "The Houses of Parliament" toast. Among this year's stewards were—Mr. W. T. Munro, Mr. McPherson Brown, and Mr. Charles Glenney. Colonel Angus is the famous ex-Captain of Scotland (Rugger) and a great referee, and formerly commanded a battalion of the K.O.S.B., and Mr. W. B. Torrance is Scotland's golfing champion (amateur) and captained the Walker Cup team in America a year or two ago





Dudley Glenfield

## MISS MARY BORDEN

The famous novelist, whose newest book, "The Woman with White Eyes," is just about to be published, two of her most popular are "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker" and "Jehovah's Day." Miss Mary Borden is in private life the wife of Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, whose fine War book, "Liaison," has created so much discussion.

reproduced only some of the circumstances of this man's life without reproducing either his actual character or actual friends. And Alroy Kear—is he a real portrait too? Near enough perhaps for people to say "That's so-and-so." "His career might well have served as a model for any young man entering upon the pursuit of literature. I could think of no one among my contemporaries who had achieved so considerable a position on so little talent. This, like the wise man's daily dose of Bemax, might have gone into a heaped-up tablespoon." It was Alroy Kear who wanted Ashenden, himself a writer and dramatist, to tell him something of the early life of the late Edward Driffield, that Grand Old Man of Letters who was at last so deeply honoured by England because he was well over eighty. Ashenden, when a boy, had been the rector's son in the small Kentish village where Driffield had brought his first wife. That was forty years previous to the opening of the story. Driffield had been born in that village, the son of a farm bailiff. He had married the barmaid of a local pub. The village thought itself rather insulted that he should come back at all, a writer, the husband of a barmaid, a "rolling stone"—every single one of them a suspicious circumstance. But of course Kear, who, in conjunction with Driffield's second wife, was writing his Life, wanted impressive memories, not memories of unpaid bills, drinking, and a young wife who was by nature painstakingly unfaithful. But what could Ashenden do, who knew too much and knew just those things which could not be inserted in the Life of a Grand Old Man of Letters, edited by his widow and an author renowned for his respectability and the high place he held on the "platform" of literature. Nevertheless, as Ashenden tells us what he does remember, a wonderful character-study of Driffield emerges. Yet an even more vivid one of his first wife. Rosie Driffield was one of those women—fair, cuddlesome, generous, and kind—who would no more hesitate to sleep with a man friend than she would hesitate to breathe. If she liked him and he was fond of her and that was what he wanted, then she gave herself to him out of sheer affection and because it wasn't of very great importance after all! And so Ashenden's memories of Driffield are mixed up with his memories of this curiously likeable woman, and neither could possibly be included in any dignified and official Life. What wonderful interludes, too, there are scattered through the book. That luncheon-party when a duchess and

## Literary England.

LET me say at once, I could not stop reading W. Somerset Maugham's new novel, "Cakes and Ale" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), after I had begun it. It is witty, it is extraordinarily life-like, it is very amusing, yet often very cruel, but from beginning to end it is absorbingly interesting. In the character of Edward Driffield some people have pretended to see the portrait-study of a famous author who died comparatively recently. Well perhaps Mr. Maugham has only himself to blame for this. Yet I take it that he has

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

her friends descended upon Driffield, then an old man and famous. His wife's reception of the duchess; the house itself; the whole atmosphere of the party—it is perfect, because by a few clear-cut strokes Mr. Maugham paints a whole vivid, arresting, and wickedly amusing scene. This "touch," for example. Mrs. Driffield was showing the duchess and her friends where her husband wrote all his books. "This is the desk at which he's written all his later works," Mrs. Driffield said, closing a book that was open face downwards on it. "It's the Frontispiece in the third volume of the edition *de luxe*. It's a period piece. We all admired the writing-table, and Lady Hodmarsh, when she thought that no one was looking, ran her fingers along its edge to see if it was genuine." It is a little thing like that which can build up a whole portrait. And it is by these subtle means that Mr. Maugham can draw for us a whole collection of people who appear so real that one is convinced they must have been copied from life. What a gift for story-telling too! As a dramatist he wastes no time. He gets his effects at once. He can build up his plot scene by scene, each scene a little miniature of something actual. And only once is his wit caught napping in his latest book. It is that page when he insists that literature should be confined by law to the House of Lords and their families. There the humour is surprisingly obvious for Mr. Maugham! Otherwise the novel is a wonderful achievement. Not for long has one absorbed me so completely. Actually I simply had to finish it at a sitting. And I sat up until an unearthly hour in the morning to do so.

## Thoughts from "Cakes and Ale."

"One of the greatest benefits that compulsory education has conferred upon the world is the wide diffusion among the nobility and gentry of the practice of writing."

"When you are young you take the kindness people show you as your right."

"I often think that the purest type of the artist is the humorist who laughs alone at his own jests."

"A man who is a politician at forty is a statesman at three score and ten. It is at this age, when he would be too old to be a clerk or a gardener or a police-court magistrate, that he is ripe to govern a country."

"From the earliest times the old have rubbed it into the young that they are wiser than they, and before the young have discovered what nonsense this is they are too old and it profits them to carry on the imposture."

"It may be that another generation, accommodating itself more adequately to the stress of life, will look for inspiration not in a flight from reality but in an eager acceptance of it."

## A New Departure.

People are never so inconsistent as they are in their economies. Our extravagances and our retrenchments are impossible to foretell, simply because they would spurn to be confined by any laws of logic. I, myself, hate buying boots, for



Lenore

## MRS. RICHARD BURBIDGE AND HER DAUGHTER, SUSAN

The wife of Mr. Richard Burbidge, the son and heir of Sir Woodman Burbidge, Bart., the famous head of Harrods. Mrs. Burbidge has just given birth to a son



## MR. HECTOR BOLITHO

Whose new novel, "The Flame on Ethirdova," has just been published. He spent three years in writing it and he rewrote it seven times. But he found the reward in the fact that it has been so far his "best seller"

(Continued on p. 204)



## IT'S A HARD LIFE! By George Belcher



He: I got to pay 'er fifteen bob a week on a separation order; it do come a bit 'ard when I'm still paying the instalments on 'er engagement ring

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

example: Two guineas, I say to myself, and then—just *boots*! On the other hand, I will gladly pay a guinea for a good dinner and not begrudge a penny of it, though I only attain that "fullness after eating." Nearly everybody, too, seems to hate buying books. They will pay fourteen shillings for a poor stall in a theatre to see a second-rate farce, and have nothing to show for it at the end but the memory of a dull evening, but they will refuse to buy a good book, if they can borrow it, though its entertainment may last a week, and it can then be passed on to a friend and eventually decorate the book-shelf in a room. Real value for money, in fact. Still if books are your pet economy—there is nothing more to be said. If, on the other hand, they are your extravagance—then whatever price they be, you will fork out with no misgiving. I believe the world is divided up into book-buyers and book-borrowers, and neither price nor quality adds or subtracts from their original number. So that it will be interesting to see if the new experiment, now being tried out by Mundanus, Ltd., a branch of the Victor Gollancz publishers, will succeed. By all rules of logic it ought to do so. Seven-and-sixpence for 300 pages of silly trash and yet the same amount for a really good novel by a distinguished author, should long since have driven all trash into the paper-covered class. But it hasn't. A new novel's a new novel, and as 7s. 6d. is the price of a new novel, "Bosh," by anybody at all, and "On Forsythe 'Change" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), by Mr. John Galsworthy, start off together, though one is just a silly peep-show and the other is life. Anyway it will be interesting to watch the new Mundanus experiment. They are going to bring out a series of first-rate novels which would ordinarily be issued at the regulation price for the sum of 3s. Their first publication, "The Lion Took Fright," by Louis Marlow, author of "Two Made Their Bed," is excellent. The paper is good enough, the printing is clear, the paper cover, unlike those of French novels, doesn't fall off after you have read half-way through the book, taking a good slice of the story with it. In a stiff cover (which nobody wants, unless they are going to keep the novel permanently, which few people do) it would be among the best of the new seven-and-sixpennies. Primarily it is the clever study of a well-meaning hypocrite—a beautifully bearded young middle-aged man who interests himself in a neurotic fifteen-year-old schoolgirl under the illusion that he is befriending her. Hercules Blangdon had come into money. His wife had left him because he was so secretly conceited and such a tailor's dummy of a bore. He thought she had only left him because she was mentally deranged. There could in his estimation be no other explanation. He was that kind of man. Nevertheless, he did not mention his wife when he came to spend the summer at a seaside town and got to know the Derricks. He thought the matter was too painful; in reality it was because a married man starts with a handicap among well-brought-up girls. The characterization is so good and so amusing; the whole tone of the story is more comedy than tragedy that the end seems curiously out of perspective. Blangdon needed publicly showing up, he didn't need killing off rather brutally. The story had never touched grimness at all until then. Consequently, the catastrophe made one smile

rather than feel any horror. It is the only false move in a story which sticks extraordinarily close to life, and is so amusing just because it does so. On its merits alone "The Lion Took Fright" should have a large sale, apart from its cheapness 'as a book. But I wonder, such is the queer psychology of the buying public, if its cheapness will prevent its selling largely? In the journalistic world it is an axiom that there is no sale for a high-class illustrated paper which is not either sixpence or a shilling. The fourpenny and the ninepenny are doomed to unpopularity

from the start. People don't like the price. Up to the present the public haven't liked the paper-backed novel. Perhaps Mr. Louis Marlow's new one will help to educate them. If it doesn't, I don't know what will, apart from something incredibly vulgar which always sells. It is brilliantly clever and so amusing.

\* \* \*

## Irony and Tragedy.

It is difficult to appraise Richard Aldington's "Roads to Glory" (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) except in terms of superlatives. The book contains thirteen stories and character sketches which have the War for their back-ground. It also is a War Book, in that it shows the reaction to War in thirteen different human types. Yet a summary of the sum-total of their emotional reaction to it is nevertheless found in the first story, "Meditation on a German Grave": "To the east was the sinister glow of burning villages, a dull sinister glow under a heavy sky. He passed a sentry, who sprang to attention and saluted. You've got your life, what more do you want? How can you argue about instincts, feelings, mute convictions? What more do you want? Why, everything, and not only for oneself but for all. Why, peace, an end to murder and senseless exploitation, an end to horror and useless cruelty, some sort of a hope for a man and a woman that when they pour life and ecstasy into each other's bodies they are not creating one more corpse for a battlefield. Some hope, some aim, some decency, something better than this immense crop of murders into which the hope of mankind has collapsed." Every single one of these thirteen stories and sketches you will not easily forget. They are haunting in their irony and in the tragedy of their theme. The book is a picture of the War from thirteen different human angles, and each one is a masterly portrait of a human being. Behind them all, too, pictures of the War itself appear—

menacing, horrible, callous, and relentless; revealing in men all the grandeur or, peradventure, all the meanness of their souls.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxvi of this issue.



Autori

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

By Autori

The famous actor as Richard Dudgeon in the Shaw play, "The Devil's Disciple," recently revived at the Savoy. It is a play which, in its general theme, resembles that other one of which Sir John Martin Harvey is so fond, "The Only Way." "The Devil's Disciple" is one of Mr. Shaw's earlier plays—a good robust melodrama

## UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.





THE QUORN LADY PACK

The Quorn bitch pack is about as good as any in all England, and this is saying a great deal in a period when in so many kennels a really fine stamp of foxhound is being bred. The Quorn bitches are not only good to look at, but are foxhounds in the best sense. Wondrous, who is in this collection, is by the Cheshire Granby (1922), as also are Wonderful (standing in the second row fourth from the left)—a beautiful bitch—and Worry, also in this group. The other hounds here include Whimper, Blanche, Wily, Warrant, Spiteful, Waxwork, Norah, Worship, Warble, Notice, Bountiful, Brilliant, Stately, Scandal, Chickory, Courtesy, Noontide, Rarity, Welkin, Wagtail, and Captive

## TAKEN AND OFFERED



Harvard Haworth

AT LORD TREDEGAR'S HUNTER TRIALS

A group taken last week at Coedkernew and consisting of Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Brooke, R.H.A., who is Chief Instructor at Weedon's Equitation School, Captain A. Cameron, R.H.A., Miss Cecily Nickalls, Miss T. Nickalls, and Mr. Wheeler, R.H.A. Miss Nickalls and her sister are the daughters of the late Major Cecil Nickalls of polo fame, and have hunted with the Pytchley ever since they were very small indeed. Young Lord Mount Charles, the elder son of Marquess and Marchioness Conyngham, is all in favour of riding at an early age, and this year won at the Nairn Show with his three-year-old pony. The two friends on the left belong to Miss D. Thomas and Miss M. Thomas



Truman Howell

NOW WE ARE SIX: LORD MOUNT CHARLES



Abery

INSEPARABLES AT THE KEFN KENNELS

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Lord Amulree.

**L**ORD AMULREE comes to the post of Secretary of State for Air at a critical moment, and he has it in his power to do much good to British aviation. But his chief task is peculiar. It will consist not in doing but in undoing that which has already been done. The need of British aviation is release; the predilection of the official is confinement. Nothing has a more evil effect upon development than the rich pottage of regulations, a veritable edict and ban pie which the Air Ministry has concocted and which it has forced down the throats of manufacturers and pilots until they are both suffering from operational and constitutional constipation.

This aero-intestinal stasis is the outcome of the earnest desire on the part of every Air Ministry official to do his duty. They are all bent on proving their worth, and to do so they rightly feel that they must constantly make their presence felt. The Air Ministry now concerns itself with many matters which ought not to be the concern of any Government department; it has arrogated to itself the right to dictate not only the basic structure strengths of the aircraft which it licences but also the detail design. And it issues a stream of notices to aircraft owners and ground engineers most of them dealing with matters manifestly outside its province.

To cure this evil I now propose the introduction into the Air Ministry of a proportion of *Cast Metal Officials*. These would still occupy the same offices, and could, by the use of suitable mechanical contrivances, be made to consume the same amount of tea at the appointed hours, but they would be unable to do any harm by multiplying, amplifying, and complicating the edicts and regulations. If the idea of the Cast Metal Official does not appeal to Lord Amulree, he must be ruthless in curbing the energies of those human officials now installed. Only by freeing manufacturers and pilots will any increase in the rate of progress be possible.

Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith.

**W**ing-Commander Kingsford-Smith's flight to Australia, which at the time of writing has just been completed in eleven days, has once again drawn attention to the exceptional qualities of this pilot, and incidentally to the extraordinarily ill-judged choice of recipients for honours. If anyone deserves honour at the hands of his country it is Kingsford-Smith. He has more and greater flights than Lindbergh, Costes, or Pinedo, or indeed than any other pilot who has yet lived, and he has proved not only his



THE AERO CLUB DE PORTUGAL

A group of instructors and pupils belonging to the Aero Club de Portugal at Amadora Military Aerodrome, Lisbon. The aeroplane is the ubiquitous Gipsy Moth, British in design and construction, and now used all over the world

He does not pretend nor attempt in any way to magnify his achievements; indeed he tries to belittle them. It was the duty of the Government's advisers to be unaffected by this modesty so far as the estimation of merit was concerned. Titles should not go exclusively to those with the loudest voices.

## National Flying Services.

**N**ational Flying Services have faced an extremely awkward position with courage. Their losses, which they put down to general depression and to bad weather, have been severe, but they are determined to go on and to apply the lessons they have learned from their first year's operations. Most people in the world of aviation were unimpressed by the original N.F.S. scheme and early difficulties were freely predicted. Then again many people were justifiably annoyed at the way in which N.F.S. assumed a high-handed attitude, based apparently upon their having secured the support of the Government towards the existing light-aeroplane clubs. They seemed to think that they could come in at the last minute and reap where the flying clubs had sown. Now their attitude is more humble. They see that the difficulties are greater than they had supposed. And as a consequence they will be better liked and will start their next year's operations with a greater chance of making them successful. In Hanworth they have one of the finest aerodromes near London. They have good instructors and good aeroplanes. Their total membership, including the provincial clubs, amounts to 1,637, and they employ 25 B licence pilots, 3 A licence pilots, and a technical staff of 129. The fleet of aircraft now numbers 52.

## Cost of Air Touring.

**M**r. Downes-Shaw contributes to the journal of the Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club an

(Continued on p. xvi)



THE WILTS LIGHT AEROPLANE AND GLIDER CLUB

Some clever caricatures of well-known members who were to have attended the inaugural meeting and did not do so, Herr Kronfeld, the famous exponent of gliding being one of the absentees. The Master of Sempill and Mr. Latimer Needham were also expected



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



# UP NORTH

The Camera calls at  
Blenkinsopp Castle  
and Howick House  
in Northumberland



AT THEIR STATELY HOME: MR. AND MRS. EDWARD JOICEY  
(MISS VIOLET LORAINE) AND THEIR TWO SONS



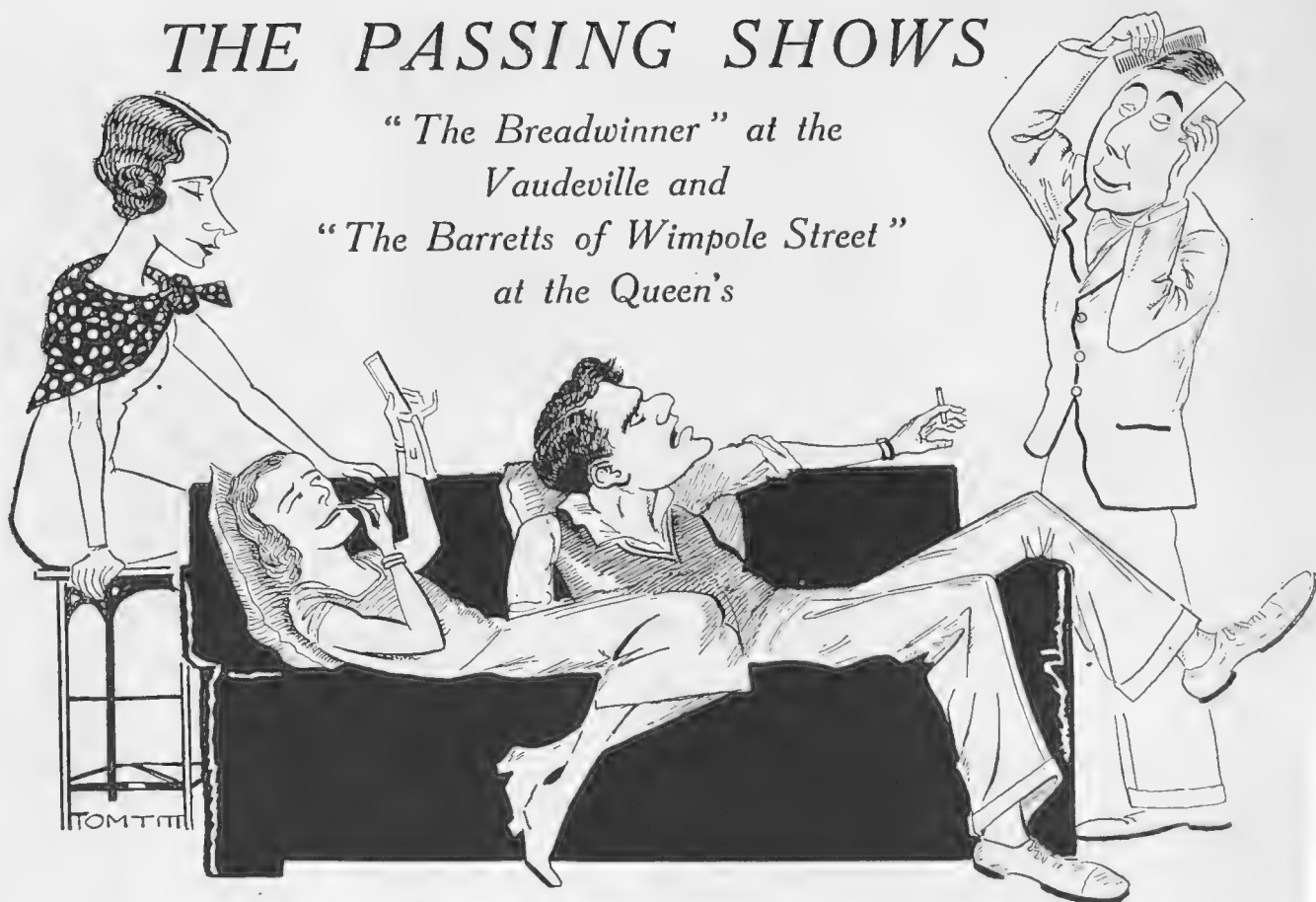
LADY ELIZABETH GREY

A recent visit by the camera to Blenkinsopp Castle was rewarded by this pleasing representation of a very happy family party. The inimitable Miss Violet Lorraine became Mrs. Edward Raylton Joicey in 1921, and since then, alas, has never contemplated returning to the stage. Just occasionally, however, her two boys, John and Dicky, generously permit her to appear at special charity performances, a small mercy for which London is duly grateful. Mr. Joicey, a son of the late Colonel Edward Joicey, served in the European War with the Northumberland Hussars and the 9th Lancers. His attractive home is near Haltwhistle. Lady Elizabeth Grey also belongs to Northumberland and is the younger daughter of Earl and Countess Grey. Like her sister, Lady Mary, she fully appreciates country occupations. Amongst these golf ranks high, and North Berwick has seen her playing a daily round with zest both last summer and this. Through her mother Lady Elizabeth is a grand-daughter of Lord Selborne

*Photographs by Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane*

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Breadwinner" at the  
Vaudeville and  
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"  
at the Queen's



THE REALLY BRIGHT YOUNG IN "THE BREADWINNER"

Judy Battle (Miss Peggy Ashcroft), the up-to-date daughter, who is in no way surprised at her father wanting to get shot of his family; Diana Granger (Miss Margaret Hood), who offers to accompany (and support) the deserting parent of Judy as his unofficial wife; Patrick Battle (Mr. Jack Hawkins) and Timothy Granger (Mr. William Fox), who agree that the lethal chamber is the best place for the middle-aged



THE SOLICITOR AND THE  
UNSOLICITED

Alfred (Mr. Evelyn Roberts) has an elephantine sense of humour. He attributes his friend's flight to another woman, whom his wife (Miss Dorothy Dix), having neither sense nor humour, takes to be herself

## "The Breadwinner."

Paterfamilias, as bore or boob, ogre or door-mat, is "good copy." Mr. Galsworthy, in *The Family Man*, weighed him judiciously in the scales of reason. Strindberg put him on the rack in *The Father*, and left him mad, mangled, and martyred. Mr. Maugham devotes his first Act to making the breadwinner look ridiculous by default, which means that Mr. Ronald Squire does not appear till curtain-fall, and then turns the tables on chuckle-headed wives and precocious Youth. Charles Battle supports in comfort a silly, pseudo-artistic spouse, who boasts of having brought Beauty to Golders Green, and two children sorely in need of the slipper. These bright young egoists sprawl on sofas and discuss their parents with the youthful



CHARLES BATTLE AND HIS WIFE

Charles, tired of his family, cashes £20,000, after having himself hammered in the House, presents his wife (Miss Marie Lohr) and family with £15,000 and announces he is off on a lone trail with the balance. He is here seen trampling on that symbol of respectability, the immaculate top-hat!





ROBERT BROWNING

Mr. Scott Sunderland as the poet, Robert Browning, who—much against her father's wishes—stole Elizabeth Barrett's virgin heart away

the Maugham acerbity of epigram and highly-polished technique, the exchanges are sparkling and provocative. Mr. Battle's home-truths strike a dazzling blow Youth receives its tit-for-tat. Continuously and flippantly on crisis with barely the sus- dle tear. Mrs. Granger, armless friendship, at and excuse the deserter assumption of passion mu Her daughter, aged eighteen, at his head, offers to be his proposes to "keep" him. sulks in his bedroom on a diet of butter-scotch. Miss Battle, however, shatters the edifice of mockery with half a brick of genuine feeling. From that affectionate scene of discovery and farewell Judy emerges as quite a nice and sensible young woman. Intelligent enough to have realized that her father had after all a sense of humour. This rencontre again crossed the wires of satire and sentiment.

Mr. Squire's familiar mask of heartless trifling, fits the rebel to perfection. Miss Marie Löhr amasses a complete bundle of fluff from a few feathers. Miss Dorothy Dix drives a sharp nail into the flimsy of feminine foibles. Mr. Evelyn Roberts is amusingly over-hearty. Mr. Jack Hawkins, Miss Ashcroft, Miss Margaret Hood, and Mr. William Fox share the honours of intolerant youth. A joy-making evening.

Grangers. It is natural, they agree, that parents should love their children, proving it with new cars and hard tennis-courts, but quite unnatural for children to tolerate their parents. They demand the painless destruction of the "old" at the ripe age of forty.

It is then their mother's turn. Both ninnies discuss their flirtations and pick holes in their absent husbands. It seems that Mr. Battle, stockbroker, has no sense of humour, Mr. Granger, solicitor, far too much. How any solicitor who addressed a client as "old chapsy-wapsy," and then knocked him senseless with a biff on the back, could achieve success defies conjecture. But this biting, bitter comedy is a model of inconsistency. Mr. Maugham shifts bewilderingly from comedy to farce, from sincerity to artificiality, like a conjuror who breaks off in one trick to perform another. The result is leger-de-main of a high order, but the magician, to be convincing, should not get the disappearing rabbit mixed up with the bowl of gold-fish.

Charles Battle decides to be hammered, unnecessarily, on the Stock Exchange. He is fed up with black-coated drudgery and bored stiff with his thankless family. He tells them so with cold, sardonic relish; £15,000 saved from the wreck shall be their portion. For himself, the Continent, where he will be content to wander, a "commercial traveller in Romance," on £5 a week.

It is all very well to treat this bombshell as an impertinent squib, but actually it is charged with the dynamite of drama. Adorned with

for middle-age. Mrs. Battle hovers the edge of the picion of a croco- after years of tempts to vamp with a wild tually stifled. throws herself mistress, and Master Battle



THE KIND FATHER AND THE LOVELY ELIZABETH

Edward Moulton-Barrett (Mr. Cedric Hardwicke) lovingly offers a tankard of the best porter to his ailing daughter Elizabeth (Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) in the pious hope that it will do her a bit of good physically and mentally

### The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

Somehow, as Mr. Rudolph Bésier unfolds his slow-moving chapter in the lives and romance of the two poets, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett, history retires into the Victorian background and the humanities prevail. Was Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett the inhuman travesty of a father that the dramatist conjures from the past? Could six strapping sons shrink into such dumb, trembling servility when the doorway of their invalid sister's room framed that sparse, stiff figure with the menacing lower-lip? This dour, unyielding man, starved of the love of his favourite daughter his tyranny could not fail to kill; forcing porter down her invalid throat; forbidding her to winter in Italy after the miracle of her recovery; driven beyond the limits of reason, even to the brink of incest, by dormant passions rigorously denied; forbidding his children to marry in order that his own torment and repression should be theirs, this praying, fiendish, God-fearing hypocrite is a case, one feels, not for the biographers but for the emotions.

Even when he is not looming horrific before our eyes the sense of his presence charges the whole picture with drama; he gives the play a sharply-caught breath of life. The love story is curiously remote. We are caught up with them, these sad departed strangers, as if in a dream. Yet the illusion holds that we are one with them. It does not matter that the gentle invalid or the man whose love rescued her from decline ever wrote a line of poetry. These ghosts are not historical wax-works. Here is a picture which declines to be a page of memoirs and turns into a human document.

The dramatist has sharpened the outlines of his facts with the cunning-hand of imagination. He is magnificently supported by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, whose tyranny is a masterpiece of latent power and smouldering fires; by Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, whose sensitive portrait of the poetess is as soft and delicate as the faint chords drawn from some old spinet by fluttering fingers; by Miss Marjorie Mars, who presents the rebellious Henrietta with the quivering lips and flashing eyes of youth clamouring for love and laughter; by Miss Joan Barry's lively miniature of a minx; by Mr. Scott Sunderland's almost too breezy poet; by Miss Eileen Beldon as the devoted maid, Miss Susan Richmond as the resigned daughter, Mr. Oliver Johnston as a foppish prig, Mr. Harry Wilcoxon as an inarticulate Guardsman. A delightful and deserved success.

"TRINCULO."



HETTY AND HER SOLDIER BOY

Miss Marjorie Mars and Mr. Wilcoxon, the gallant Captain Cook in the whiskers of that "ornamental" period

## UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT SIR JOHN AND LADY DASHWOOD'S SHOOT AT MOOR FARM, WEST WYCOMBE: Arthur Owen  
 Captain Robert Amcotts Wilson, Captain Gilbert Russell, Lady Dashwood,  
 Lord Wimborne, Sir John Dashwood, the Hon. Fred Cripps, and Mr. Wallis



(On right) Balmain  
 MISS SPENDER-CLAY  
 AT NORTH BERWICK



MISS WESTON, M.F.H., AT THE HIGH  
 CROSTHWAITE HUNTER TRIALS



AT THE PIPEWELL HALL SHOOT: The names, left to right, are: Standing—Mr. R. J. G. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd, Miss Tupholme, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. R. Collins, the Hon. Godfrey Corbett, Major Grant Thorel, and Mr. Collins; seated—Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke, Miss M. Lloyd, Mrs. Elletson, Mrs. W. H. Collins, Mrs. Lloyd, the Hon. Mrs. Corbett, and Mr. S. Lloyd

Sir John Dashwood, a group of whose guests at his shoot over Moor Farm on his estate at West Wycombe Park is seen above, served in the War in the Argyll and Sutherlands and in Tanks. In 1922 he married Miss Helen Eaton, a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Vernon Eaton, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery. Captain Robert Amcotts Wilson, who is in the picture, was in the Navy, and is a brother of Sir Mathew Wilson, who is so well known as an owner. The group of the other shoot was taken in Northamptonshire. Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke has a seat near Kettering, Great Oakley Hall, and the Hon. Godfrey Corbett is Lord Rowallan's only son and was formerly in the Grenadiers. Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay, who was snapshotted at North Berwick, is a niece of Lady Astor, and Miss Weston is the new Master of the Lunesdale and Oxenholme Staghounds, whose kennels are at Gatebeck, Kendal



# THE CAMERA TAKES A LOOK AT SOCIETY



DIANA AND PHILIPPA CUNLIFFE-OWEN *Hay Wrightson*



*Hay Wrightson*  
LADY HELENA  
FITZWILLIAM



MRS. A. J. MUNNINGS AND SOME FRIENDS *Douglas*

Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen will never have a better photograph taken of their two pretty little daughters, for the best of all possible reasons, namely, that they did not know they were being photographed. Diana was born in 1926, and Philippa is two years younger. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen is the famous racing owner, and won the Derby in 1928 with Felstead, trained by Captain O. Bell. Lady Cunliffe-Owen was formerly Miss Helen Oliver and is the daughter of the late Mr. James Oliver of New York. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter, and has all the family fondness for fox-hunting. Mrs. A. J. Munnings, the wife of the famous R.A., is with her three dogs, who go everywhere with her, including Buckingham Palace and nearly every hotel in London. It will be remembered that Mrs. Munnings appeared with the three dogs in the last of Mr. Munnings' pictures, which was bought for the nation. The habit Mrs. Munnings is wearing is different from any other and was designed by herself. She is a very good rider and very keen on hunting.



MLLE. PARYSIS AT PHYSICAL JERKS

Arip, Paris

Getting ready for the autumn and winter operations. Mlle. Parysis is one of the attractions of the Concert Mayol, and like most other actresses has to go into strict training. It is just as hard a life as that of a fashionable jockey or a would-be "champ" boxer

**T**RÈS CHER,—A good deal of ink has been spilled in this country over the incident that happened at Nice the other day when Maurice Chevalier, annoyed by a spectator's attitude, went down into the body o' the kirk and gave the uncivil fellow a piece of his mind. Even Clement Vautel expatiates on the subject on the front page of "Le Journal," and Georges de la Feuchardière waxes satirical in "L'Œuvre"; two amusing but—alas, for the writers—premature articles, for the matter has since been explained (. . . by Maurice) to our satisfaction; I say "our" satisfaction because we do not like to see our screen darlings mislay their halo. What the unknown spectator with the jeering snigger thinks of the matter we know not; for one brief moment he was brought from the dark *promenoir* into the limelight of public notice but the promenade has swallowed him up again. . . .

I allude to this incident because Clement Vautel—who makes much of it—speaks with astonishment of Maurice's somewhat grim and taciturn manner "in private life"; he relates how he has known him to sit through a dinner-party without once smiling, looking bored and gloomy, hardly speaking at all. But, *mon cher*, "*affreux bourgeois*" (Vautel's self-chosen description), that is Maurice. He is a veritable Knight of the Woeful Countenance. I remember him in the *coulisses* of the Alcazar, as long ago as 1911, mooning about the theatre during rehearsals, waiting in melancholy silence in his dressing-room between the acts . . . never a laugh, never a joke did he utter. He was a very young man then but success had already assured his future and he had nothing to worry over and every reason to be happy. Yet he wasn't. He was just one long-drawn-out sigh! Do you remember, Très Cher, in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, the wonderful scene of the Kingdom of the Future, peopled with the unborn children who are waiting to be taken to the earth where their human mothers are expecting them? Two of the children are known as "the Lovers," and when Father Time comes to collect the little travellers for that day's voyage the two tiny clinging creatures are separated; as they are torn from each others arms the boy-child cries, "I shall wait for you . . . always!" The girl questions pitifully, "But how shall I know you again down there?" And as he is carried on to the waiting ship the boy calls back, "You will recognize me because I shall be the saddest thing on earth!"

Well, Très Cher, that child must have been Maurice Chevalier!

I have just read a pretty-little-article in the continental edition of a certain "daily" written by a young creature who suggests that most of *nous autres* Parisians do not know how to treat our *concièrges*. That we bribe their goodwill with *pourboires* instead of appealing to their better nature. She suggests that we try them with a gift of a canary, because the *concièrges*' "small dark loge" will then be cheered by the twittering of "these engaging little birds." Quite! But what I want to know is, What the Prevention-of-Cruelty-to-Birds-Association will do about it?

time she has burst into the printed word, and one rather hopes that having started she will do it again; but I trust never under the same circumstances. You see this little book was composed simply to amuse her great pal, Vere Hutchinson, when Vere was so desperately ill last year. It succeeded splendidly. I love and I hate (just all mixed up like that!) to think of Budgie—sorry . . . I mean Miss Burroughes—sitting up nights, all tired with the strain of nursing and all taut and cold with anxiety, preparing her little tale for the next day and drawing her little pictures with their lovely clear lines despite her trembling little hands. . . . And so I hope it will be tremendously successful. Please don't miss it when you go shopping.—PRISCILLA.

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Writing of reading (this sounds strange but 'tis correct), have you fallen for "Lobster Quadrille," by Theodora Benson and Betty Askwith? I have . . . hard! Most amusing without being too dazzlingly Bright-Young-Thingish, although there's been quite a little song-and-dance about it. Pictures-in-the-picture-papers, paragraphs, and all that about the Young Lilies wot wrote it. And how nicely, to quote our cousins, has Grant Richards "gotten it up." The brave splash of yellow and scarlet caught my eye in Smith's shop-window when I was bang in the middle of a traffic jam in the rue de Rivoli, and lured me to the kerb. While I was there I also fell for a charming child's book, "The Amazing Adventures of Little Brown Bear," written and illustrated by Dorothy Burroughes. You remember her Zoo posters and other wonderful animal studies and book jackets, especially that one she did for Galsworthy's "White Monkey"? This, however, is the first



MLLE. GRY DORESCU

Mlle. Dorescu is rated Rumania's greatest dancer, and a Bucharest newspaper says that she spends two hours every day in violent exercise on a specially constructed swing, which is made in such a way as to enable her to work almost every muscle in her body. The lady takes her swing wherever she goes, and when she is exercising in the garden or courtyard of an hotel crowds invariably assemble, which is not surprising!



## TWO CHARMING HEROINES

In Two of London's  
Most Recent Plays



(Above) MISS LEA SEIDL IN "FREDERICA"

AND (below) MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE IN "PRIVATE LIVES"

Miss Lea Seidl, the young Viennese actress who plays the name part in the Franz Lehar musical play at the Palace, was the original Frederica in the Vienna production, and has repeated her success in London. She has a perfectly charming voice, and whether history is strictly adhered to or not, Goethe would have been less than human if he had not fallen in love with her. Miss Seidl not only sings well, for she has acting talent of a very high order. Miss Gertrude Lawrence has a part which suits her to her finger-tips in Amanda, the wayward damsel in Mr. Noel Coward's latest, "Private Lives," which is at the Phoenix Theatre. It is almost impossible to believe that the story of Elyot (Mr. Noel Coward) and Amanda (Miss Gertrude Lawrence) is not familiar to everyone in both London and the Provinces. The final curtain when they levant after discovering that their divorce was an error, leaving their respective spouses to work things out for themselves, is quite in the typical Noel Coward vein

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

# ON THE SPOT IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES



"SONS O' GUNS"

Horne

Major E. D. Shafto and Captain J. de Bruyne employing a "whippet" to course about Salisbury Plain during recent manoeuvres, when the various mechanical developments of modern fighting methods were severely tested. The new heavy tanks, which treat the most alarming obstacles with ruthless contempt, are now fitted with an armour-piercing gun. Both Major Shafto and Captain de Bruyne are in the 2nd battalion K.R.R.C., stationed at Tidworth



"THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN"

Morris

Mrs. Alan Dower contemplates her work and finds it good. This clever sculptor is a member of the London Group, and one of her wood-carvings is included in its autumn exhibition, which is on view until October 31 at the Burlington Galleries. Mrs. Dower is a daughter of Sir George Clerk of Penicuik, and a niece, through her mother, of Lord Sherborne



"LET US BE GAY": MRS. HARRY WHITWELL  
AND MISS RENWICK AT CATTERICK



"THE BREADWINNER"

Mrs. J. Thompson leading in her husband's Dola colt after it had won the Hartforth Nursery by four lengths on the opening day of the Catterick Bridge Meeting. Mrs. Whitwell and Miss Renwick, who were also attending this pleasant fixture, are both familiar figures at North Riding racing assemblages. Miss Chrissie White, the English film star, was another personality to be observed in the paddock. She is Mrs. Henry Edwards in private life, and has appeared in many pictures produced by her husband. More recently she has been touring with him in stage plays



"FOLLOW A STAR": MISS CHRISSIE  
WHITE (right) GOES RACING





### PIXIELED

"The pixies and the witch-lights be out 'pon Dartymoor,  
So pretty maids, be vitty maids, and bide behind the door."  
—DEVON WARNING.

By D. Fitzherbert



## THE GREAT BED OF JOSEF

*By Forster*

218—219





JOSEF SÜSS OPPENHEIMER

ster



# BUILT TO AN IDEAL



C.F.H. 35

# DUNLOP



# "CARP" AND GEORGE GROSSMITH IN FILMLAND



PETER GAWTHORNE AND GEORGE GROSSMITH IN "THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS"



"GEORGES" AND SALLY O'NEIL IN "HOLD EVERYTHING"

Both the distinguished London actors seen above are quite recent recruits to the flickers, and from all accounts have found their Hollywood adventures most amusing. Mr. Gawthorne, whilst no stranger to straight comedy is, like Mr. Grossmith, more closely connected with the musical variety. "Those Three French Girls" is an all-musical all-talkie Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. In the scene above George Grossmith is having a thin time with a mechanized liver-shaker. Georges Carpentier has been film-acting almost ever since he gave up boxing, and this picture, "Hold Everything," based on the musical comedy of the same name, comes to the Dominion Theatre on November 3 for a run. Sally O'Neil is one of America's most diminutive blondes, and made her debut five years ago, and now is a film comedy star of magnitude



SENDING HIM TO SLUMBERLAND IN "HOLD EVERYTHING"



## RECENT RACING AND OTHER RUNNERS

AT LINGFIELD: LORD AND LADY SUFFIELD AND THE HON. F. AND MRS. CURZON



GOING BEAGLING: MRS. GORE AND  
SIR GLYNN WEST AT ALDERSHOT

This photograph and the one on the right were taken when the Aldershot Command Beagles met recently at Government House, their subsequent activities persuading conscientious followers to take a lot of exercise. Sir Glynn West, who was knighted in 1916, lives at Bryanston Square, and was Director-General of shell and gun manufacture during the War. Lieut.-Colonel G. de C. Glover and Captain Fennell are Joint Masters of the Aldershot Command Beagles. The former is D.A.Q.M.G. Aldershot, and Captain Fennell, who hunts hounds himself, is a Gunner

Held in superb weather, the Lingfield Club's one-day fixture, which included the Autumn Oaks, provided great fun for a good assemblage of visitors, though winners were hard to discover. Lord Kysant's daughter, Lady Suffield, does comparatively little racing, but Mrs. Gordon Foster attends most meetings within her range unless they happen on hunting days. The Hon. Francis Curzon is Lord Scarsdale's uncle, and lives at Hamilton House, Newmarket



MRS. GORDON FOSTER, COLONEL ALLEN  
SPENCER, AND CAPTAIN DUDLEY NORTON  
ALSO WENT RACING AT LINGFIELD PARK



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ALDERSHOT: COLONEL HAY,  
GENERAL JONES, MISS DEWHURST, AND MRS. HAY



# GOOD MORNINGS FOR MOUNT AND MAN



MRS. GERARD LEIGH AND LORD  
FITCHFIELD WITH THE QUORN



WAITING AT REARSBY:  
MISS MINNA LINDSAY



MORE QUORN LIGHTS: LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO,  
MISS SHERIFFE, AND MRS. VAUGHAN'S BACK

This page is concerned with final rehearsals in various countries for the official opening of the fox-hunting season which occurs on November 1. Riding without fears presents no difficulties to Lady Kathleen Rollo and Miss Monica Sheriffe. They are seen at the Quorn's Rearsby cubbing fixture talking to Mrs. John Vaughan, whose husband directs the Craven Lodge club so successfully. Mrs. Leigh is the wife of Captain Gerard Leigh of Thorpe Satchville and Lord Titchfield is another Leicestershire regular



WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE:  
LORD CAVAN AT THE HOO

Lord Cavan is an ex-Master of the Hertfordshire and a most popular figure in this country, whose well-being is his chief concern. He was photographed when hounds met at The Hoo, Lord Hampden's place near Welwyn. Lord Ashcombe's son, Mr. Guy Cubitt, has been Joint Master of the Crawley and Horsham since 1928 together with Lieut. Colonel R. W. McKergow, who was in sole control for nine seasons. He and his wife are seen at a cubbing meet at Findon Green



THE MASTER'S GREETINGS: THE HON. GUY CUBITT, M.F.H., AND  
MRS. CUBITT AT A CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM CUBBING FIXTURE



MISS PAMELA CARME (THE HON. PAMELA BOSCAWEN)

A recent picture of Lord Falmouth's only sister, who has definitely adopted the stage and the screen as her profession, and is appearing in the first Stoll "talkie," "Such is the Law"

THE following story is one of the many told of the late Lord Birkenhead:

Lord Birkenhead was one day sitting in a mood of contemplation at his club when a well-known club bore approached him and began a well-worn anecdote. Lord Birkenhead lightly touched the bell.

"Waiter, please listen to this gentleman's story, I'm too busy." So saying, he walked away.

At a dinner in America the conversation turned on "Americanisms," and an Englishman remarked: "Your coloured waiters over here are the absolute limit. The other day I asked one of them if he thought it would rain, and do you know what he said? He said, 'Little dogs it will and little dogs it won't.'"

The Americans at the table were puzzled, and to solve the mystery one of them sought out the waiter in question the next day and told him what the Englishman had said.

"But, sah," protested the negro, "that ain't what Ah said. Ah just tol' him that p'ups it would rain and p'ups it wouldn't."

She had been over-spending badly, and her husband had been going through her accounts with a rueful expression. "Really, darling," he said, closing the books, "we must try to live within our income."

"Live within our income?" replied his wife, "Oh, darling, don't be so mean; we're not so poor as all that."

A man approached the fisherman. "Any luck?" he asked.

"Any luck!" was the answer. "Why I got forty pike out of here yesterday."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the fisherman.

"I'm the chief magistrate here, and all this estate is mine."

"And do you know who I am?" asked the fisherman quickly.

"No."

"I'm the biggest liar in England."

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Bridget, the maid, approached her mistress. "Oi would loike a week's holiday, ma'am," she said. "Oi wants to be married."

Her mistress gave her a week's holiday, a white dress, a veil, and a cake.

At the end of the week Bridget returned. "Oh, ma'am," she said in answer to her mistress's questions. "Oi was the most lovely bride. My dress was perfect, my veil lovely, and everybody said the cake was splendid."

"Well Bridget, this sounds delightful," said her mistress. "I do hope you've got a good husband?"

Bridget's tone changed to one of indignation.

"Now, ma'am, an' what d'ye think? The spalpeen never turned up."

"Here's dat shillun I done borrowed from you las' year Sambo," said Rastus.

"You done keep it so long dat I don't know if it's wuf while fo' me to change mah 'pinion of you jes' for a shillun'," replied Sambo.

Little Betty had been sent to bed early for naughtiness, having been severely chided by her father. Later on, when her mother came to hear her prayers, she said at the end: "And please God, don't give father any more children. He doesn't know how to behave to the one he has got."

The new maid had just been engaged, and the mistress was explaining her various duties. "Can you serve company?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, mum," replied the girl brightly, "I can serve them both ways."

"Both ways?"

"Yes, mum—so they'll come again, or so they'll stop away."



MISS MARY GLYNNE (MRS. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY) AND HER DAUGHTER MONICA

Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and his charming young wife have had—and are still having—a big success at the Lyceum with the white slave play, "Traffic," which is full, of course, of crooks, tecs, revolvers, and gore, and is a first-class blood-curdler



# ELIZABETH ARDEN MAKES BEAUTY A REALITY *for Every Woman*



Elizabeth Arden's Salon is the place you have been looking for all your life—where you can get back the beauty you have inadvertently lost or at least mislaid

Renewed beauty is waiting for you at Elizabeth Arden's Salon, fresh clear skin—smooth and glowing, a sparkling light for your eyes, a ravishing throat, lovely arms. Whatever your problem, she knows what to give—instilling health into flagging cells, stimulating tired nerves, strengthening flabby muscles. It is a pleasant process, a soothing one. The surroundings are delightful and presently you find yourself stepping into the street with a new zest, a new confidence

In Miss Arden's Salons her wise counsel and her sensitive fingers have brought charm to thousands of happy women. But her skill and service are not limited to Salon clients—you too are in personal touch with Elizabeth Arden whenever you use her preparations. Every time you smooth on Cleansing Cream, pat with Skin Tonic and brace your muscles with Special Astringent and Muscle Oil according to the Elizabeth Arden method you are following the Treatment developed by Miss Arden's inspired fingers to satisfy her own exacting requirements

Elizabeth Arden designates for home care of the skin

#### VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

#### VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin 9/6, 17/6

#### VENETIAN ARDEN'S SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

#### VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL

A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles 4/6, 10/6, 16/6

*Elizabeth Arden's Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere*

## ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ELIZABETH ARDEN LTD

LONDON 25 OLD BOND STREET W1

telephone Gerrard 0870

PARIS

BERLIN

MADRID

ROME

(Copyright Reserved)



SIR MALCOLM HAILEY

A snapshot when he was on a fishing holiday at Naukuchia Tal, near Naini Tal, U.P. India. In order to serve on the Round Table Conference on Indian affairs in London Sir Malcolm Hailey resigned his appointment of Governor of the United Provinces, but this is only temporary as he will be re-appointed at once after the Conference is over

now as fit as the providential fiddle."

There are a host of things which are more dangerous than fox-hunting which my accident insurance company avers is in the same category as a thing called "bar-tending," and one of them is being served with *hors d'œuvres* at public entertainments by various waiters (the chalk jockey kind co-opted for the occasion). The other day I went to a big luncheon given by the manufacturers of a cat-burglar-proof safe. It would have been a most interesting function to anyone, let alone an enthusiastic criminologist like myself, but it was rendered doubly so by what happened to a very natty gentleman with a nose like an elephant's trunk, who sat opposite to me. To my loss, the gentleman was a perfect stranger. However, that is merely a remark *en passant*, as we say in French. What really mattered was what happened to this beautifully—too beautifully—dressed gentleman with a black pearl pin in his tie and three diamond rings on his very well-nurtured fingers. As is customary, the first thing that happened after we had had various cocktails in the ante-room was a Pyrrhic onslaught of waiters with the *hors d'œuvres*. I will not overload this story with the customary and fatiguing catechism about "Rorshan salat?" "Endean Coarn," "Aig Mainaise," and so forth—because it is so well-known, but just as the gentleman operating the two forks in one hand had got as far as "Sairdeen M'Sieu?" with my opposite number of the elephantine trunk, the gentleman turned quickly (and rather rashly) and got both the forks bang in the

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

ALL persons with literary leanings, of course, will recall the fact that Humpty Dumpty stood no nonsense from words—because, he averred, that he paid 'em and therefore considered that he had every right to insist upon their meaning anything he happened to want them to do. There are still one or two Humpty Dumpties amongst us, and a quite good proof of the fact has been furnished me by a letter written by a stud-groom to his employer, a hard-riding lady who was somewhere abroad doing a cure. He said: "The horses is all right, and I hope madam as you are

nose and the whole of a very oily sardine all over his trousers. With a howl of rage and pain, and pouring with gore, he rose in haste and rushed from the room, while the waiter wiping his forks on a very *passé* (rather brown) handkerchief, carried on with his deadly work on his next victim. Eventually my friend came back with a bit of surgical strapping on his nose, and in a most engaging way excused himself for his precipitate retreat by informing us that, if there was one thing in life which he dreaded it was sardine poisoning. A bit of capsicum or an anchovy would not have worried him, he said, but a sardine . . . !

That interesting place, Peshawar, is now apparently an even safer place than Regent Street or Piccadilly Circus, for some pals of mine *en route* to the golf links drove through the native city, which up to quite recently was seething with a howling, murderous mob, and honked the quondam cut-throats out of the path with the klaxon without getting so much as a brick-bat at their heads. Arrived at the links, however, they were interested to observe double sentries close to the fairway and the whole place well wired. I hope this may mean that the Peshawar Vale Hunt are going to have a peaceful season in spite of all the war and rumour of war which is in the air. The recent clean-up

in Bombay, which of course ought to have happened long ago, may do a bit towards altering the ideas of the Afridis and their friends. In the meanwhile that mysterious friend of mine who prefers to be called either "Chimbwete" or by his number, and who has been on a special job somewhere in East Africa, is not so certain that all is serene, as he writes to me from an address he does



THE WEDDING OF COLONEL GEORGE WATKINS AND THE COUNTESS FELICIE HOYOS

A group taken after the marriage of Colonel H. George Watkins, late Coldstream Guards, to the Countess Felicie Hoyos, the youngest daughter of the late Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to France, the Count Ladislas Hoyos, and the Countess Franziska Hoyos. The wedding was in the private chapel at Pörschach Karnten, Austria. The group includes, besides the bride and bridegroom, the Counts Fritz, Lato, and Henry Hoyos, brothers of the bride, the Countess Mirbach, her sister, Mrs. Henry Watkins, and some nephews and nieces

not wish known:

Well, what do you think of it all? I think what I told you many moons ago is amply proved. — has got to go or else there will be even worse ructions after the monsoon is over, which

(Cont. on p. x)

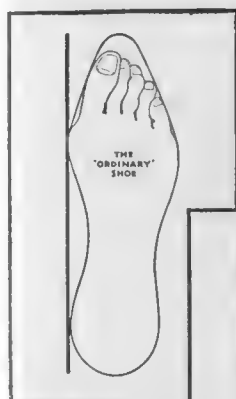


AT A SHOOT IN AUSTRIA

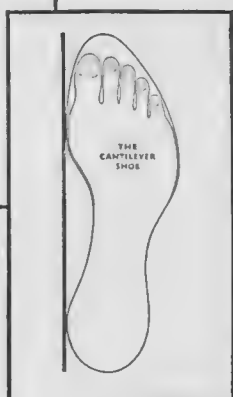
Count Henry Hoyos with his sister, Mrs. H. George Watkins (the Countess Felicie Hoyos), her stepson, Mr. Tony Watkins, and A. N. Other, probably the jaeger at a recent chamois shoot at Reisach. The wedding group of Colonel H. George Watkins and the Countess Felicie Hoyos is in the picture above



# On the road to progress



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.



This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

In matters of dress we have come a long way on the road to progress in the last thirty years, but in the matter of footwear, the majority of us are lagging a long way behind. Most of us are still wearing the distorting, uncomfortably - shaped shoes of a former and stiffer age. Only Cantilever wearers know the joys of walking in shoes that are made to conform to the ground plan of your feet. For Cantilever Shoes are modern, good looking, comfortable shoes. Like your

feet they have a straight inner line which gives your toes the chance of maintaining their normal position. Ordinary shoes do not allow this. They push your big toes inwards, to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes and make your walking a perfect misery. But remember that a pair of Cantilevers will make your walking miles of smiles. Cantilever Shoes are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. Go along and get fitted to-day. It's worth it.

*Cantilevers must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store.*

Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

# Cantilever Shoes

*for comfortable walking.*

# RUGBY RAMBLINGS



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which beat the O.M.T.'s at Oxford in the opening match of Oxford's season by 14 points to 3—a placed goal, a penalty goal, and two tries to a try—a devastating victory. The names in this group are: A. E. Brookes, P. C. Alexander, T. M. Hart, C. F. Cardale, W. Roberts, N. K. Lampert, S. J. Hofmeyr (captain), H. G. Burrows, W. A. H. Druitt, D. E. Pratten, A. G. Cridlan, H. N. Kelly, P. D. Howard, and W. E. Henley

THE Town Councils of Richmond and Twickenham are on the trail of the Rugby Union. They say that the huge stands at the Rugby headquarters are a blot on the landscape and suggest that their primitive ugliness might be suitably camouflaged. Probably Commander Cooper's ingenuity will find a way out. But matters will not be improved when the new double-decker is erected on the west stand.

One landmark at Twickenham has gone; the clock had to be moved when the south stand was put up. That doesn't matter very much, perhaps, but the scoring-board is a distinct loss. When the Harlequins are in scoring mood, and perhaps the other side as well, a man has to be something of an expert to keep the figures right. A corner must surely be found for it somewhere.

Talking of clocks, I see the Football Association have ordered the various clubs to remove those that were installed with a great flourish of trumpets a few weeks ago. They were of course a potential source of trouble everywhere, for naturally the referees took no notice of them, and it was impossible for them to show the time lost for stoppages which has to be made up at the end. So the crowds were shouting for the final whistle when there was actually, perhaps, three or four minutes to go.

Rugby referees do not have to face anything like the treatment meted out to their Association brethren. The Rugby spectators are largely old players who know the game, and are quite aware of the difficulties experienced by the most conscientious of officials. They also know that the best of them can and do make mistakes, and will continue to do so, and they make allowances accordingly. Moreover, when all is said and done referees are very much more efficient than they were, say, twenty or twenty-five years ago.

The Harlequins look like making history this season, they are certainly playing delightfully spectacular football, and on the top of the ground with a dry ball they have been simply splendid. Much of the credit goes to the two halves, H. C. Laird, who has re-captured his best form, and C. C. McCreight, who played for the Army last season,

and will play for Ireland in due time. These two have established an excellent understanding, and are probably the strongest club pair in England.

Behind them is that perfervid Scot, J. E. Hutton, who has brought the art of selling the dummy to something like perfection, and makes openings innumerable for his comrades in the third line. J. C. Gibbs, re-established in health, seems faster than ever, and the whole team is deadly in attack. So far the forwards have more than held their own, though the hooker has not been too successful sometimes, as for example, in the match with Cambridge University.

The Light Blues have been subjected to some unfavourable criticism, chiefly from people who do not realize the difficulties that beset a University captain. There is not the least reason why they should not train on into a powerful side. There is plenty of material, too much almost for the limited time the skipper has at his disposal. Some of the old Blues will no doubt have to stand down, which will surprise nobody after last year's 'Varsity match.

Everybody is glad to see R. W. Smeddle out again, apparently fully recovered from the injury which kept him out of the side last season. He showed a lot of dash and determination in scoring two or three tries against the Harlequins the other day, but he gives the impression of being a player of moods. A former captain of Cambridge used to say that he waited shaking up every five minutes or so, or else he would cease to take any interest in the game. Exaggeration, of course, but Smeddle does contrive to look rather bored and listless at times, which is a pity, for at the top of his form he is a very fine wing indeed.

J. J. Embleton, the Light Blue captain, seems to have been lucky enough to find a thoroughly satisfactory pair of halves at the first time of asking. E. B. Pope is a hard-working scrum-half, quite capable of holding his own in a rough and tumble, and capable of a sound service to his partner. L. H. Collison is brilliant in attack, clever at the break through, and a very useful kick. It is possible that centre will be the weak spot in the side, as it was most emphatically a year ago.

(Continued on p. xx)



THE O.M.T. RUGBY XV

R. S. Crisp

Which was heavily defeated at Oxford by the team in the picture at the top. Before the end Wilkins scored for Old-Merchant Taylors. Taken altogether the defences were very good, but both sides lacked real power in attack. The names in this group are: T. G. Blumsom, P. O. C. Edwards, F. W. English, J. C. Arnold, W. N. Devonshire, F. F. Spragg (captain), E. F. Andrews, K. M. Wilkins, J. R. Dothie, R. G. Turnbull, L. Bywater, A. N. Newell, W. R. Spragg, R. F. Tebbutt, H. D. Heck, and the Club President. H. B. Hays



**Be known as a connoisseur  
of good whisky—give  
your friends  
Haig**



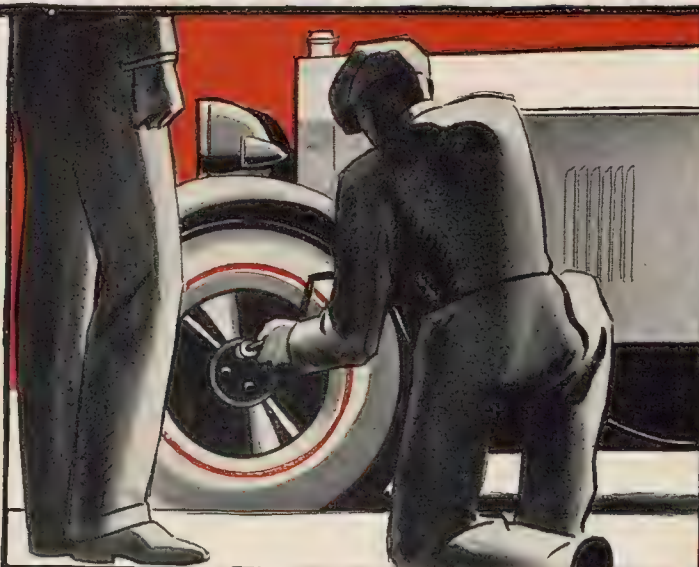
ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627.

**Haig** WHISKY

**NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE**



# THE CHALLENGE OF THE RED RING



The sign of a British-built Super Tyre is the red ring where tyre wall meets tread. Thus do we, who make them, tell the world that here are tyres that challenge all others.

We claim for India Super Tyres greater strength from improved construction; slower wear due to super-quality tread rubber; more safety because they grip every type of road.

And we back these claims by a definite Insurance against all tyre damage beyond the user's control. That is what the red ring means.

We make nothing but Super Tyres—one thing only—the World's best.

*Test your Tyres every Friday.*

*India of  
Inchinnan*

*Master of Mileage*



# INDIA SUPER TYRES

Concessionaires for Northern  
Ireland—  
E. W. GWYNNE & CO.,  
34, Gloucester Street, Belfast  
Telephone Belfast 310  
Telegrams "Gwyntyre, Belfast"

Telephones  
Paisley 4141-4145

INDIA TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain), LTD.,  
INCHINNAN

CODES (Bentley's  
A.B.C. (6th Edition),  
Private)

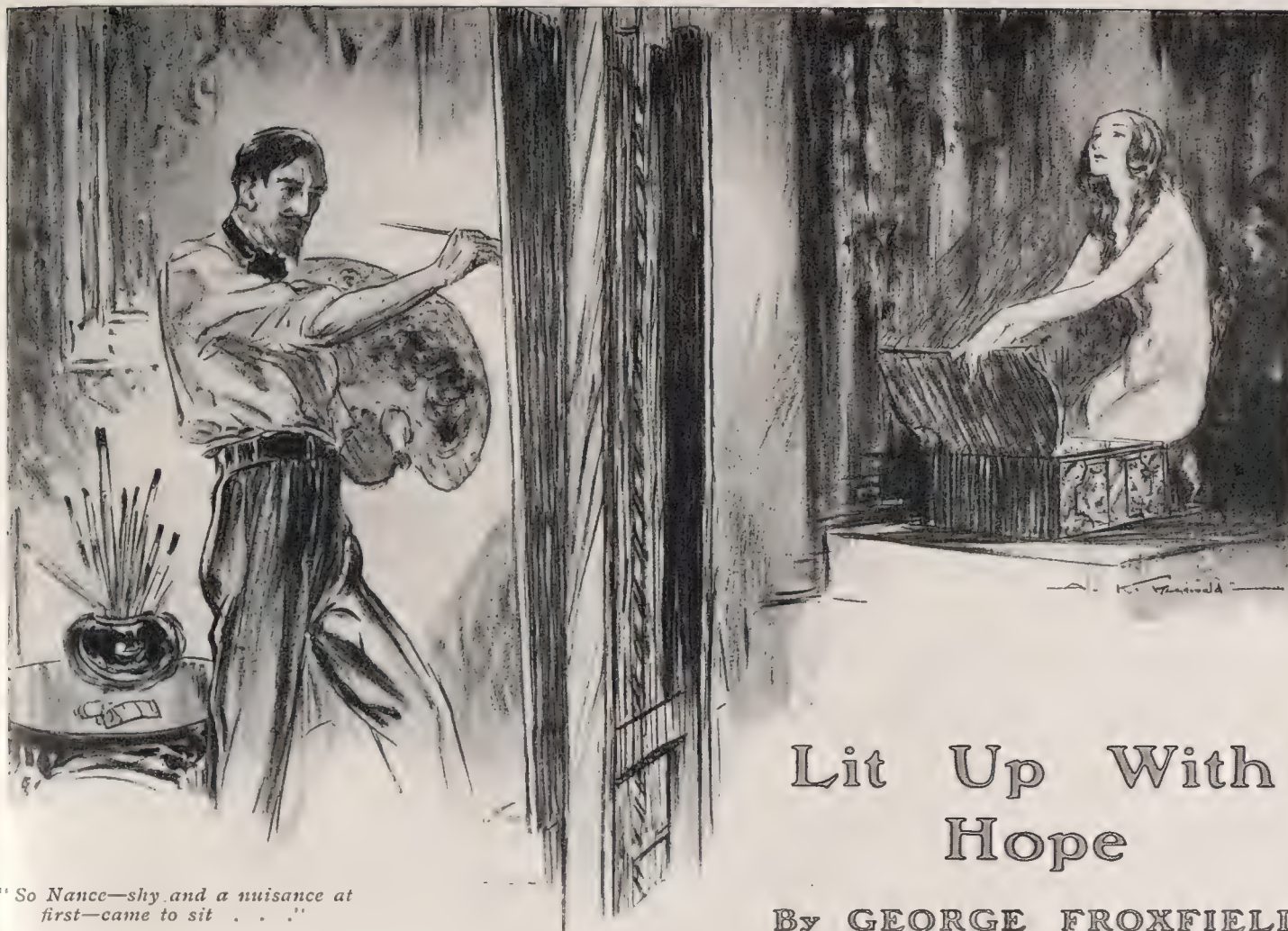
Telegrams and Cables  
"Indiaowl, Renfrew"

(Great Britain), LTD.,  
SCOTLAND

INDIA TYRE & RUBBER CO.  
(I.F.S.), LTD.,  
7, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin,  
C.9

Telephone Dublin 43927  
(2 lines)  
Telegrams "Indityre, Dublin"





"So Nance—shy and a nuisance at first—came to sit . . ."

## Lit Up With Hope

By GEORGE FROXFIELD

DENTAL caries introduced Nance Hunt to Mervyn. After a week of nagging pain, a day of agony had made him elect between dentist and gas oven. It was eight o'clock in the evening when Mervyn, for whom the time of day had no significance, rang the dentist's bell.

Nance opened the door—a blistered door giving on to a gloomy, hash-haunted passage—opened it wide, eagerly staring out, like Eurydice at the portals of Hades, Mervyn reflected.

"Thought it was ma. Sorry, sir," said Nance, and every feature seemed to close like the petals of a sun-loving flower at nightfall.

That initial expression of hers lingered in Mervyn's mind. Hope in apotheosis, he thought. Transfigured, inwardly lit she had been. Hope! Pandora's Box. A fine picture. Hope!

From his charwoman Mervyn made inquiries which brought Nance's mother to the studio. Mrs. Hunt demurred. Mr. Hunt wouldn't approve. That strict he was where Nance was concerned. Why he had said he'd give her the stick if she had her hair bobbed. But when the Hunts learnt what rates Mervyn was prepared to pay they must have come to the conclusion that no sacrifice in the name of Art could be improper.

So Nance—shy and a nuisance at first—came to sit, with long eyes, a shade lifted at the outer corners, their lash-shaded rusty-red irises dreamily fixed, with long hair hanging as straight and shimmering as a golden waterfall, and her slim upper lip drooping over the swelling bud of a lip beneath.

On the first morning Mervyn read aloud how the god Hephaestus had taken clay and fashioned lovely Pandora, how all the other gods had showered gifts on her, and how, married to Epimetheus, she had opened a forbidden box and let out all the ills that torment humanity.

"Except hope," Mervyn said, looking up, and then added sharply, "Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes," Nance answered. "But it's funny, I never did like fairy stories."

She was to sit, he told her, holding down the lid of an iron-bound box, the box preventing the loss of hope, sole blessing of mankind.

Stripped of everything except hope she would be. But hope, opalescent, iridescent, was to light her up from crown to toe.

"I see," Nance said, and smiled, and opened wide her upturned eyes, like a child expecting a chocolate.

Anxiously he posed her, peered, adjusted, complained. . . .

The light from a partially-screened north window, filtered through a huge opalescent piano-convex lens of Mervyn's own invention, fell in nacreous concentration on Nance's naked figure crouching beside the oaken box. It made trite nudity mysterious, and lay in warm, unexpected, multi-coloured, glimmering pools.

For days Mervyn worked on opaline limbs, pearly arms, faintly prismatic shadows of throat and body. Uncanny the canvas looked with that finished form and vague, misty, tentatively indicated head.

Generally Mervyn worked in silence. His growled "Keep that chin up!" or "Shut that mouth!" made pretty Society girls whose portraits he abominated painting think him frighteningly delicious, and their mothers declare him a genius.

This morning, however, he talked bitterly and incessantly of modern feminine luxury. . . .

"By the way, Henning's coming in to lunch," said Mervyn, breaking off his dissertation of frocks, furs, cars, jewels, cosmetics, out-of-season delicacies, and the rest. "Remember him? He's met you once or twice."

"I remember. Tall, fair —."

"Splendid specimen. Like you to lunch with us. He's often spoken of you."

"Of me?"

"Why not? You're remarkably pretty—and know it. Henning's a man I don't want to offend. He's an unusual individual. He actually buys pictures."

"Fancy his remembering me!"

"My dear, I remember one stray butterfly—an Apollo—that I happened to see seven years ago on the bank of the Madesimo just below the fall. If I could have captured it I'd have treasured it eternally. Forget you? No man of intelligence can ever forget anything that is superlatively lovely. Henning's both intelligent and lucky. His father invented a chest tonic and died of consumption just after the public had invested hundreds of thousands in the concern. I daresay he has £20,000 a year."

Nance repeated the sum in the awed tone of a religionist "saying after me."

"He is unmercifully chased," went on Mervyn. "But he means to pick for himself. And why not? Why should a man, just because he's rich and has forgotten who his grandfather was, want to marry into Society? Henning's too sensible. The only girl I ever knew him to be interested in was the girl in the office at an hotel he stayed at. At first she was old-fashionedly demure. Then she noticed. She set chase. It was fatal. Henning fled to Switzerland."

Mervyn was working feverishly. His expression was ferocious as he added:

"But the chap thinks he ought to settle down, and I agree. Must be thirty. Time he got a wife and a home. Nice little country place. Service flat in town. Lucky girl! A splendid fellow. Generous to a degree. I can see his wife in ermine—or whatever she's set her heart on—roped with pearls. I can picture them. . . ."

Mervyn took an imaginative trip round the world. He painted Paris in vivid colours. He talked of New York. He described a saunter through Japan and the delights of luxurious travel in India.

When Eric Henning arrived and Nance emerged from the dressing-room, she was, Mervyn noted, amazingly demure. He doubted if she saw much of Henning above his boots.

Mervyn left them together and went out to the telephone.

"Ring me at two," he asked the operative.

The telephone bell took him from the lunch-table. He returned apologetically. He had to dash off to see a prospective sitter, he announced. Would they excuse him? He would be back as quickly as possible.

To Nance and Eric Henning in the studio, tea was brought by Mervyn's man at five o'clock. At six Mervyn returned, evidently trying to force himself to be apologetic and affable. Sleeping in the afternoon never had agreed with him.

Next morning Mervyn announced that he had asked Henning to dine that night.

"We're going to put in a hard day, you and I," he added. "But we'll make up for it. Ever been to a cabaret? No? You wonder! We'll go to one then after dinner."

"Me?" ejaculated Nance under her breath.

"You, and if a thought about a frock's bothering you we'll go and buy one after tea."

"Oh!" breathed Nance, and then said dolefully, "but father—"

"Your father doesn't come into it," broke in Mervyn, busily painting. "When I've finished this I'm going to paint you in a rust-coloured evening frock—a shade deeper than your eyes. We'll take a taxi and scour London till we find it. Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Nance eagerly.

"Henning's mad on it," said Mervyn.

Twenty minutes later he growled, "Rest—if you must."

She relaxed, squirming her shoulders and stretching her stiff limbs.

"You and Henning dancing," observed Mervyn as she took up the post again, "will make a striking sight. You're alike in being unlike other people. A fine fellow, young Eric Henning. If I slip away earlyish to-night he'll run you safely home in his car."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon the head was no longer obscure. The body seemed to have receded. The lit, aspiring eyes held the observer's. Only afterwards, in expectant parted lips, in the poise of the body, seeming about to soar, in lithe fingers intangibly buoyant, was the extent of Mervyn's mastery apparent. Hope had not escaped from the earth. Hope remained. Hope braced a muscle here and a tendon there which had been flaccid or relaxed in disappointment. Hope had raised her chin and tip-tilted her nymphaean breasts. . . .

Mervyn was surly, satisfied, exhausted. On the sofa he stretched himself, hands clasped under his head, and presently ejaculated:

"To-night's off. I'm too utterly fagged."

Nance was in the dressing-room. She did not answer.

"We'll buy that frock to-morrow," said Mervyn.

Henning arrived. Mervyn was surly. Henning winked at Nance and said:

"You asked me to dine to-night. I've come to say I can't come."

"Good," ejaculated Mervyn. "I'm done in, Henning."

"Good-evening then," said Nance nervously.

"Thought you'd gone!" exclaimed Mervyn. "Don't come to-morrow. I mean to take a holiday. Henning, you may now see my 'Hope.' I shall never do anything finer."

"No!" said Nance.

But she only whispered the word, and slipped away as Mervyn, having scrambled up, drew aside the curtain that concealed the picture. Mervyn had noticed her mute protest and retreat. He had not mattered, he realized. Robot was the word for him. But Henning was different. The thought of Henning's eyes was making hers burn. As she

went out into the street he glanced at her from the window, and knew her feet were leaden.

When, two mornings later, Nance came to the studio, she found Mervyn at his chest of drawers and his man on the floor packing a suitcase.

"'Hope's' sold!" exclaimed Mervyn. "Old Humphrey, the dealer, fell for it

as soon as he saw it. I've earned a holiday. Off to Konigs-winter to drink dragon's blood. Robert, don't you forget my shoe-horn this time."

Tossing clothes from the tallboy to his kneeling man, shouting reminders, Mervyn seemed oblivious of Nance's presence.

"Then you—won't want me?" she asked, minutes later.

Mervyn started, stared, paused, fumbled in his pocket, counted out five £1 notes and held them out to her.

"I'll write. Meanwhile get a temporary job," he said, and wondered why she didn't go.

"Mr. Henning going too?" she abruptly asked when a ring at the bell had summoned Robert from the room.

"Henning? No. Why?"

"I—only wondered. Good-bye. I do hope you enjoy yourself."

Rosy she was, he noticed. Little fool. Surely Henning's off-hand manner on the evening of the cancelled dinner must

(Continued on p. vi)



MISS ANN WHIGHAM AND MR. IAN CHARLES RITCHIE

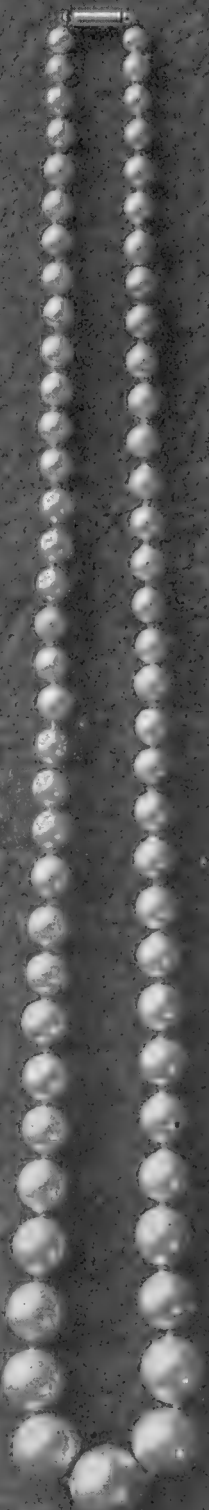
Whose wedding is to take place some time in the spring. Miss Whigham is the only daughter of General Sir Robert and Lady Whigham. Mr. Ian Ritchie is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Harold Ritchie, D.S.O., and of Mrs. E. J. H. Luxmoore

Photographs by Hay Wrightson





# We couldn't improve on oriental pearls



No one could. The point is that until the first *Ciro* pearl was born no one had ever equalled them.

And if the origin of the sea pearl is something of a mystery, the wonderful *Ciro* creations are a mystery hardly less.

So exactly alike are *Ciro* pearls and sea pearls that it no longer matters which you wear.

Indeed, if it were possible to detect the difference you would often see a double necklet of pearls being worn—one of sea pearls and one of *Ciro*.

One costing, perhaps, £1,000—the other, perhaps, 250 pence.

We shall be pleased to see you at any *Ciro* Salon, or to send you on receipt of a guinea, a 16-in. necklet of *Ciro* pearls for you to wear and compare. If you are not altogether delighted, return them to us within a fortnight and your money will be returned in full. Or we will gladly exchange them.

Send for new Catalogues—*«Ciro Pearls»* or *«Ciro Jewellery.»*

*Photographic reproduction of the famous  
Ciro Pearl necklet 16" long (complete  
with gold clasp, in case). One Guinea.*

## Ciro Pearls

CIRO PEARLS LTD. Dept. 8), 178 REGENT STREET AND 48 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.			
CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C.	MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square.	LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street.	GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street.
LEEDS: 38 Briggate.	BIRMINGHAM: 121 New Street.	SHEFFIELD: 23 Fargate.	BERLIN { 106 Leipzigerstrasse.
DUBLIN: at Switzers.	BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.	EDINBURGH: at Jenners.	14 Unter den Linden.



The great Worplesdon Foursome: Right to left—Major Hezlet and Miss Gourlay, winners for the second year in succession, with Miss Diana Esmond and Mr. Wethered, the runners-up. Their encounter in the final provided as good an example of die-hardihood as anyone could wish to see

MAKERS of golfing cross-word puzzles will no longer be able to use "Worplesdon weather" as a synonym for foul! Nothing could have been more perfect than 1930's effort, unless you can object that spectators—let alone players—found it distinctly warm work all the week and were reduced to a state of exhaustion by the end. Even if there were no Miss Wethered to watch by the third round, a most uncomfortably large number of people—plus their dogs—seemed bent on seeing every shot and the dogs when trodden on did not emit more piteous sounds than the spectators when Miss Esmond or Mr. Wethered failed at a putt or plumbed depths of misery in the jungle. Mr. Wethered did a certain amount of both during the week, though the bad was sandwiched in with so much excellence that one must not lay all the blame at his door for the final defeat from Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet, the holders. Nor must one blame Miss Diana Esmond, for she kept her head quite admirably in circumstances which would almost have justified the losing of that valuable adjunct to the best golf. The people who must really be held accountable are—to cut a long story short—Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet, who both played superbly, with a little bit of kudos to whoever finally

# EVE AT GOLF

Chiefly Worplesdon

By ELEANOR E. HELME

persuaded Major Hezlet to buy a new putter and adopt a fresh style with it. In last year's final his putting was the weak link (and a very weak one) in a grand chain. This year it was the finishing touch without which Miss Gourlay's magnificent shots up to the hole would have been wasted. If he faltered for one moment when that phenomenal lead of ten had been pulled back into single figures, who shall blame him.

But the final must not be allowed to dwarf thrills of earlier rounds. There was Miss Doris Park and Mr. Forsyth's very sound golf when they put out Miss Dampney and Mr. Grant White, the pair who had earned undying notoriety by defeating Miss Wethered and Lord Charles Hope. There were magnificent fights put up by Miss Watts and Mr. Matthews and Miss Heather Palmes and Captain Moxon against Miss Gourlay and Miss Diana Esmond's sides respectively. There was Miss Gourlay



The Midlothian team, beaten by Ayrshire in the Scottish County Championship finals on the Gleneagles Hotel links. Left to right: Mrs. R. H. Wallace-Williamson, Mrs. Bowhill, Mrs. Durward, Miss C. M. Park, Miss E. Wallace, Miss R. Brown, and Mrs. J. B. Watson, the captain



The Tredegar Park team, winners of the Monmouthshire Championship. Left to right: Miss Barratt, Mrs. Crutchley, Mrs. Godfrey Evans (Champion of Monmouthshire), and Mrs. Gus Jones. This contest, in which teams from all the leading clubs in the county took part, was played on the Tredegar Park course, near Newport

and Major Hezlet's overwhelming golf in one semi-final against Miss Park and Mr. Forsyth, and Miss Esmond and Mr. Wethered's tremendous struggle which only took them home by 1 hole against Miss Enid Wilson and Major Martin. That was as good a match as you might see in many a long day, with the winners down all the way until Miss Esmond holed a 2-yard putt to win the 16th in 2.

But the interest of the final was of a different sort. Winning 10 holes in a row is like a delicious dream which only comes perhaps once in a golfing lifetime. That was what Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet did, starting with a bit of luck dealt out to them by a bush at the 4th, continued by the holing of a very missable putt of Miss Gourlay's on the 5th when the opposition had nearly got away with a half after incredible adventures. Then Miss Gourlay's side applied thumb-screws at full pressure—3, 2, 4, 3, 3, 5, 4, 3 were the figures with which they proceeded to make themselves 10 up at the 13th hole, and none of those figures were "approximate" except the 3 at the 9th. With Worplesdon stretched to the utmost it was wonderful going and worthily made the perpetrators' lunch 9 up. The afternoon round was a record of splendid courage on the part of the losers, who hung on so gamely that the lead steadily diminished and the match went all the way past the dahlias at the 14th, and only just failed to get a sight as well of the further dahlias at the 15th. Dogs, dahlias, and Miss Gourlay's golf, those are the chief recollections of as delightful a week's golf as ever Worplesdon has produced.

(Continued on p. 32)



## A WOMAN'S BEAUTY IS A WOMAN'S DUTY

POMEROY  
& SKIN FOOD &  
AT NIGHT

EVERY DAY your skin should be made fresh and new and young again. This is how it may be done. Last thing at night, smooth on Pomeroy Skin Food. Its pure delicate oils sink into the pores, loosening and removing every trace of dirt. And not only dirt, but the accumulation of dead skin that the day has brought. You wipe your face clean, and see already a

fresher, clearer skin. But there still remains some of the Pomeroy Skin Food in your pores, to feed and invigorate the cells of the new skin that is waiting below. While you sleep, your skin is being rejuvenated.

¶ At your chemist's, in jars at 2/3, 4/9 and 6/6 and in tubes at 1/-

TO SHIELD your skin from the dirt and dust in the atmosphere, from exposure to wind or sun, use Pomeroy Day Cream. Like Pomeroy Skin Food, it has been used at Mrs. Pomeroy's famous Salon in Old Bond Street for over thirty years. Soft, fine, delicately pure, Pomeroy Day Cream protects your skin so that

it retains its morning freshness throughout the day. It is so exquisitely fine as to be utterly harmless. It gives an added beauty to the skin, and is a perfect base for powder. Its fresh, flower-like perfume lingers on your skin—a delicate reminder of its friendly protection.

¶ POMEROY DAY CREAM is sold at 2/6 and 3/- a jar and in 1/- tubes for the handbag

POMEROY  
& DAY CREAM &  
IN THE MORN

There are over 60 different Pomeroy Aids to Beauty, including Astringent Tonic Lotions, Compacts, Liquid Powder, Liline (combination of cream and powder), Shampoos, etc.

Full price-list and a helpful book on Modern Complexion Care will be sent free if you write to: MRS. POMEROY LTD., 29 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



THE RECORD BREAKER: WING-COMMANDER KINGSFORD-SMITH

When Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith landed at Port Darwin, he beat Hinkler's record flight to Australia by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  days. This picture of Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith seated in the cockpit of his machine was taken on the eve of departure from Heston. He is now left with few, if any, records to break, as he has, amongst other things, flown the Pacific and the Atlantic—the last east to west

tion I had with one of those motor magnates whose name is a household word. He described how, the other day, a fellow of the Nosey Parker persuasion had asked him this question: "In view of the fact that trade in general is so bad, where does all the money come from to buy your motor-cars?" Not too easy a thing to answer off-hand. So he thought he would temporize by a little flippancy. "Ultimately," says he with characteristic cheerfulness, "I suppose it all comes from the dole." Well, this seemed to be satisfactory enough, and the matter was dismissed. But now he tells me that he has been thinking and thinking about it, and the more he thinks about it the more convinced he is becoming that his jocular solution of the problem was the absolutely serious correctly one! His cars are mostly of the low-priced order, and he figures it out that a very great many of them are bought by the tradesmen, the middle, and lower-middle-class people with whom the workless spend the dole, and whose businesses but for that would be going "phut" instead of showing evidence of prosperity. Of course it may all be a leg-pull (though I doubt this), but yet it is undeniable that money circulates upwards just as much as downwards. I am no Adam Smith or J. M. Keynes, but even I can see that point. What happens to it in its multifarious and diverse wanderings I don't pretend to know, but I am ready to wager that under present conditions the poor old "professional classes" are pretty effectively short-circuited. Never at any previous Olympia Show has it been so apparent that the two classes of cars

# Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

## Curious Economics.

There was, as the world knows, no great novelty at the Olympia Show that had not to a certain extent been noised abroad beforehand, but so far as I am personally concerned the element of surprise was not entirely lacking—indeed I got a bit of a shock. This was during a conversation

which were selling best were the cheap ones and the very expensive ones. In other words, nowadays you tend to be either deuced hard up or quite horribly rich. A funny state of affairs, and one that is perhaps worth pondering over, but so far as I can see there is nothing very consoling or encouraging about it. It seems to point to the fact that only the professional classes (manifestly in a minority) would gain if the dole were reduced or wiped out altogether, and for that reason it would be absurd to expect its early modification. No wonder a new race of hotel-keepers and publicans has arisen. They have got their hooks into a trade that draws direct from the dole. I wish I had thought of this before.

## A Perennial Problem.

With any modern car of good repute it would be no great feat to run for six months without any tools aboard barring those required for wheel-changing. Nevertheless it is very properly recognized that carrying a good tool kit is a proved prevention of trouble. Therefore one might assume that it is about time the problem thus presented was tackled in a determined and sensible way. In just a few cars the tools can be stored in a dust-proof and dirt-proof box that can be got at without disturbance of the passengers, but these are clearly the exception rather than the rule. Surely it is not beyond the wit

of the body designer to devise some effectual and convenient scheme. A tool locker under the bonnet is all right in its way, but it involves nearly as much trouble as one under a seat. For the stowage of various implements in jolly little clips on the front side of the dash-board bulkhead I have small use, having learnt its failings by bitter experience. Here everything becomes varnished with condensed oil vapour, dust, and dead flies, so that to use it is an unnecessarily filthy business. In the dark it is indescribably foul, for it is rare to find any light under the bonnet. One can grope about till one releases the jack and its appurtenances (they all look so dinky on the polished chassis in the show-room) but that's an easy job compared to getting them back into place, and the usual result is that they are angrily chucked upon the nice clean carpet of the rear compartment, where they rub their nastiness off upon the nice clean shoes and stockings of the ladies. Wheel-changing is a dreadful bore at the very best of times. When grime is added to discomfort it becomes almost unendurable. That is why I am so glad to see that the Star people have given an imperishable lustre to their marque by standardizing jacks that are always in position and always ready for use. Readily do I grant that tyre troubles nowadays are not very frequent, but when that Jackall scheme is wanted it is wanted very badly. There are times when it is an accessory beyond all price. I do not suppose it will be long before it is fitted to many other cars. Meanwhile there are other



LORD BRECKNOCK AT THE MILBANK-NEVILL WEDDING

Which took place at the Guards' Chapel last week. Mr. Mark Milbank, who is in the Coldstream, is the eldest son of Sir Frederick Milbank, Bart., and the bride was Miss Angela Nevill, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach Nevill, and a niece of the Marquess of Abergavenny. Lord Brecknock was formerly in the Scots Guards



"NIPPY" TAKES TO MOTOR-CYCLING

Binnie Hale as "Nippy" in the new Julian Wylie musical comedy, "Nippy," which is now playing at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool, before coming to the Prince Edward Theatre, London



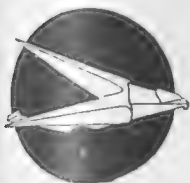
# Built in the true Vauxhall Tradition

## the 17 h.p. 6-Cylinder VAUXHALL

### 'CADET'

### £280

YOU have only to look at it to see that it's a true Vauxhall. Its slim, aristocratic lines—its graceful fluted bonnet! And it has all the strength and finish that have always distinguished Vauxhall cars. As for the engine, there are twenty-five years of Vauxhall experience in that. Compact, powerful, economical. Best of reasons for the "Cadet's" fine road performance! And the long, buoyant springs give remarkable smoothness of running. Ask your dealer for a trial run. All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. Write for illustrated catalogues to General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W. 9. On show in London at 174-182, Great Portland St., W.1.



The standard coachbuilt Saloon costs £280; or with sliding roof and safety glass £298. There are four other models, including the Sports Coupé, £298, and the 2-Seater, £295.

● HERE ARE THE POINTS YOU WANT TO KNOW  
6-cyl. 17 h.p. O.H.V. engine (£17 tax), 3-speed gearbox, 4-wheel Servo-assisted brakes. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Cam and lever steering. Bi-focal dipping-beam headlights. Belco finish, bright parts chromium plated.



This is an additional car to the famous 6-cylinder Vauxhall 20-60—now 24 h.p.—which will be known as the Vauxhall "Eighty." Prices are now lower. Richmond Saloon (formerly £540) now £495 (sliding roof £10 extra). Velox Saloon (formerly £565) now £495. Kingston Coupé (formerly £595) now £535.

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## The Splendour of Jewels.

IN days gone by women wore the jewellery they had; they selected certain ornaments and pinned them on, never pausing to consider whether they suited the dress. To-day women who are owners of priceless jewellery choose frocks that shall be admirable foils for their gems, taking into consideration the colour of the stones as well as their setting. The reverse is the case when costume jewellery is adopted, the dressmakers creating the ornaments as well as the dresses. It is never permissible to mix coloured stones; their allies must be pearls or diamonds. In the evening are worn earrings long and short, rings (there is a feeling for those with single stones), bracelets, neck-laces, and sometimes clip-on brooches; much thought is given to the position of the brooch; it may be on the shoulder, in the centre of the neck-line, in front or at the base of the *décolletage* at the back. Sometimes as many as three or four bracelets appear on the left arm. The simpler the dress the more elaborate the jewellery.



*The basque and touches of piqué at the neck and wrists are important features of the dress above, while the bolero with white*

*crêpe vest increases the charm of the one on the left. At Jaeger's, 352, Oxford Street, W.*



*Tweed in two different weights has been used for this ensemble. The coat is collared with musquash. The jumper (inset) is of green wool showing a floral design. In Jaeger's silver and glass salons, 352, Oxford Street, W.*

## The Return of Flowers.

Flowers have returned for evening wear. They have many novel uses; sometimes a spray mounted on elastic is introduced at the nape of the neck, which robs it of its naked appearance; it usurps the place of the chignon. Another way of wearing flowers is at the back of the dress in the curve of the *décolletage*. They also appear on the shoulder (here they have a rival in the osprey), in front of the corsage, or they may lightly rest on the right hip. They likewise usurp the rôle of the buckle on the narrow belts which are well-nigh ubiquitous; tiny blooms are massed together in the same way as they are in the centre of a Victorian posy.

## A Study in Silver and Glass.

There is no doubt that the Jaeger collection of in-and-out-of-town fashions is very fascinating; they may be seen in

the silver and glass salons, 352, Oxford Street, W. There are original models from many of the Paris greatest dressmakers as well as their own; the coats modelled on new lines with high upstanding collars of flat fur, higher waist-lines and flaring skirts are of two kinds. One is informal enough to wear in the morning for motoring or shopping, nevertheless they are sufficiently smart to do duty throughout the afternoon. They are made of new, supple woollen fabrics, the colours ranging from the modish greens, deep rich reds, to black.

## The Little Frock.

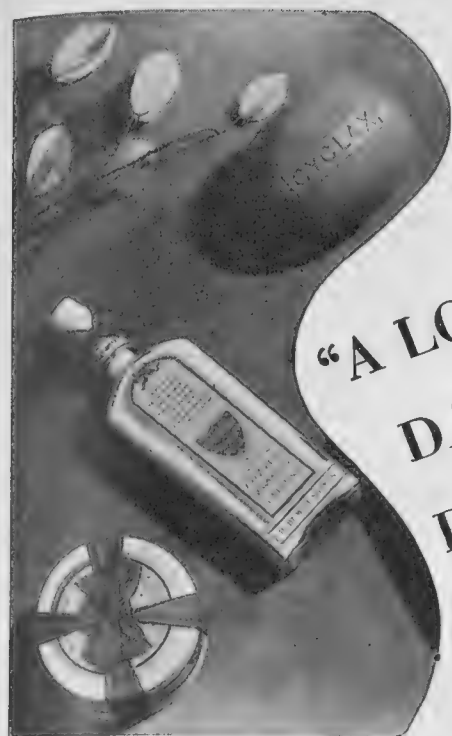
Many of the dresses which accompany these coats, although they harmonize in colour they do not match. Among the important features of the same are the knee-length tunic effect of Molyneux; the amusing basques of Patou, the slightly fall-over effects of Maggy Rouff, and the wide revers edged with white of Jane Regny. Again there are touches of white piqué, amusing bows becomingly placed, and slim hip-lines. The second type featured is for the country, and in this category come the knitted cardigan and skirt with contrasting or matching jumpers; the camel-hair and other coats are cut on new but rather severe lines.

## Pictured Fashions.

It is the flower of the Jaeger collection that finds pictorial expression on this page. There is the ensemble carried out in tweed of two different weights, the

(Continued on p. 17)





**"A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM  
DAILY CARE WITH THE  
RIGHT PREPARATIONS"**

says Frances Hemming



**Cyclax Skin Food**

4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

**Cyclax Braccine**

4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

**Cyclax Complexion Milk**

4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

"Just as an athlete or dancer must exercise for a few minutes every single day, to keep the muscles in trim, so must your skin be daily cleansed and nourished and protected.

Every day you should feed it with the rich nourishment of Cyclax Skin Food, which does not merely keep the surface smooth and soft, but penetrates deep into the tissues, making them firm and young again. Next you should cleanse your whole face and neck with the creamy lather of Cyclax Soap, which has nothing in common with ordinary soaps except its name . . . A dash of Braccine in the rinsing water will tone up your muscles and make your whole face feel marvellously fresh and firm. Once or twice a week, I want you to use my Special Lotion over night to draw out every deep-seated impurity from the pores and to remove any hint of yellowness. For a mild astringent, to close the pores and to smooth away lines, there is Cyclax Complexion Milk. And, lastly, to keep your skin close-grained under your powder, smooth on a film of Cyclax Blended Lotion which has a nourishing base as well as a lovely surface."

"You can buy my Cyclax preparations at all good chemists, hairdressers and department stores. But I want you, if you possibly can, to come to my salons for a free consultation with me or one of my experts, so that I can study your special problems at first hand. In any case, do write for a very helpful free book . . . 'The Art of Being Lovely.'"

Frances Hemming

**Cyclax Soap**

3/6 per tablet. Box of three, 9/6

**Cyclax Special Lotion**

5/6, 10/6, 20/-

**Cyclax Blended Lotion**

4/6, 8/6, 16/-, 30/-

**CYCLAX**

CYCLAX LTD

**58 SOUTH MOLTON ST W1**

**PARIS**

Telephone Mayfair 0054

**BERLIN**



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

WINTER  
SMARTNESS

Winter coats assume many novel guises. Nevertheless, none are smarter than the chef d'œuvres pictured. They may be seen in the salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W. The evening wrap is of broché velvet, in which the whole gamut of peach shades are present. It is enriched with white fox and reinforced with a stiffened Medici collar. The coat on the right is of black broadtail cloth; only an expert can distinguish it from its prototype—broadtail. Black and grey Persian lamb have been requisitioned for decorative purposes

Models, Swan and Edgar

Pictures by Blake



# Bois Dormant

"ENCHANTED WOODLAND"



...PARFUM

TRÈS MODERNE

# HOUBIGANT

PARIS

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

colour scheme is green with a white fleck; the collar of the coat is of musquash. An important feature of the frock with a basque is white piqué at the neck and wrists; there is a slight "fall over." The frock on the left is arranged with a bolero and is reinforced with a white crêpe vest; and of it one may become the possessor for 8½ guineas.

## Fashions in Furs.

There are few women who are tall and slim as a sapling, therefore the notable furriers have practically abandoned the "ready-to-wear" fur coat and are designing and building models that shall have a slenderising effect on the wearers; Percy Vickery, 235, Oxford Street, W., is a past master in this art. There is nothing more becoming than a black broadtail wrap enriched with silver fox, or it may be blue fox. Every skin is dovetailed together. There are mink coats from 215 guineas; a fact that is sometimes overlooked is that this fur wears extremely well. Again, there are coats of Persian lamb, ermine, squirrel, and moleskin, all with their individual rôles to play in the world of dress.

## The Ermine Coat.

Particularly attractive are the ermine coats in the Vickery salons; they have been created for wearing with the longer dresses, and so have those of moleskin. For those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence carefully there are seal coney coats with American skunk collars for 19 guineas, and there is a splendid assortment of fur collars, those of brown beaver lamb being from 25s. 6d. a skin. Disappointment never awaits the woman who is seeking reliable and fashionable furs at moderate prices in these salons.

## Graceful and Natural Lines.

The most important thing for women to do to-day is to banish the word corset from their vocabulary and substitute Beautiform, whose G.H.Q. is 91A, Baker Street, W. Here is the description of this perfect garment in the words of a Harley Street specialist: "It controls those parts of the figure which are most liable to excessive development, and whilst resisting such displacements as are inconsistent with the preservation of graceful outlines, nevertheless freely permits all necessary movements of the body and at the same time ensures the maximum of ease and comfort to the wearer. For those who need support and control without undue pressure this skilfully designed appliance is to be recommended."

## Designed and Built on Scientific Lines.

Beautiform is designed and built on scientific lines, and encourages the organs of the

body to do their work free from compression. For instance, the bones at the base of the spine are inclined to get lazy, and will endeavour to displace the weight of the body, thereby causing fatigue. Beautiform will not permit this, but insists in the pleasantest manner possible that all things shall do its work. As a consequence superfluous flesh is conquered, graceful poise is created, and a feeling of the *bien-aisé* throughout the system is established. This may not be a correct technical description of these garments, but it will give an idea of their work. They have a handmaiden, and that is a remedial *brassière* that is destined to be worn at night. It is as restful a garment as could have been designed. During the hours of rest it continues the work of reducing that has been in progress during the day.

## Clothes Described in Music.

For the first time in the history of Fashion clothes will be described in music at the Cambridge Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, November 4. The interpreter will be Mr. Walford Hyden, the well-known composer and musical director to Pavlova. The jewels are from the collection of Captain Wm. Ogden of King Street, St. James', and the gowns and mannequins are coming from Paris. Mr. Hyden, who sees colour in terms of music, has spent many hours studying the jewels at Captain Ogden's in order that his compositions may be imbued with the very spirit of each gem.

## "For Good and Better Looks."

Over-work and over-play are often responsible for a speedy, sometimes sudden, deterioration in appearance. A little hollow here, a little shadow there, a weary sagging of the skin. Now in order to overcome this it is imperative that the skin and muscles shall receive treatments that will brace and tauten them. This can be done by the impregnation of the skin by tonic and feeding substances as well as by home massage in accordance with the instructions given by Suzanne Verdi (Mrs. Holloy), 44, Old Bond Street, W.; there is no fee for consultation either personally or by letter. In addition to her accepted treatments there are very simple home treatments. The aim for all of these is to aid the healthy action of the skin and to persuade Nature to perform her work in a satisfactory manner. The troubles that are responsible for facial blemishes are uprooted, camouflage is never countenanced.

## Verdi Preparations.

And now turning from treatments to preparations: There is the Verdi Crème Universelle; it has been created for those who travel and do not wish their beauty paraphernalia to occupy too much space. It is an "all-purpose cream which feeds, cleanses, and protects the skin; it is 3s. 6d. a pot." The skin tonic (5s. 6d.) is prepared from herbal extracts; it will tone up relaxed skin and prevent and overcome lines and wrinkles; it is particularly refreshing. And of course sufferers from chilblains will be delighted to learn that there is a remedy for the same; it is 4s. 6d.



A FASHIONABLE FUR COAT

Designed and carried out in the finest mink by Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street. The artistic working of the skins is by no means the least of the attractions



Your

skin

needs

LUXURIA

morning

and

evening !



Luxuria cleansing cream is vitally necessary to your skin. In the few moments it takes to smooth it over your face and neck it does three important things—

Brings to the surface all the hidden dust and grime that darken the skin and distend the pores:

Nourishes and preserves the skin's own natural oils:

Whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear and fresh and supple.

Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Limited 150 Regent Street, London, W.1, for a fascinating free booklet called 'All for Beauty,' which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

HARRIET

HUBBARD  
INC

AYER

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

**Lit Up With Hope**—continued from p. 232

have shown her how completely uninterested in her he was? Henning! Girls have no sense of proportion. Legend such as that of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid foster sentimental illusions.

Henning! The idea of it made Mervyn laugh.

From Konigswinter, tacked on to a rich American, his wife and daughter, Mervyn went to Rolandseck and pulled off a commission to paint a family group of them when the four met in England six weeks later. There, and afterwards in Paris, Mervyn completely forgot the existence of Nance, but he seldom forgot the picture. Old Humfrey, the purchaser, had promised to exhibit "Hope" at the summer show of the Pre-Realist Fraternity at the Lowther Galleries. Of the wave of reaction against the moderns, "Hope," Mervyn believed, might become the crest—a picture dating a period as Picasso's "Head of a Lady in a Mantilla" had for Cubism, or Gericault's "Raft of the Medusa" for the Romantics. "Hope," he felt sure, would make a stir and whip the idolators of the ugly into fury. Letters would be written to the papers, his name would be mentioned not only where artists forgather, but in Mayfair drawing-rooms—a very much more financially important matter.

His dismay, disappointment, and fury when "Hope" was not even mentioned in the first reports of the Fraternity's show brought him by aeroplane to Croydon. Fretting in a taxi, he drove to the Lowther Galleries. "Hope" was not on show. To the dealer's he went. Old Humfrey was full of apologies. He had sold the picture. The purchaser had promised to exhibit it. Who? Why, Mr. Eric Henning.

Astounded, fuming, Mervyn was driven to Henning's hotel, and was shown up to his sitting-room. Eagerly he looked round the empty room. "Hope" wasn't on view. A side-door opened.

"Henning," exclaimed Mervyn, "I've just heard you've bought my picture. What's up? What's the matter, man?"

Henning's expression was one of acute discomfort.

"You didn't like 'Hope,' I saw that," Mervyn went on; "directly you looked at it I saw that."

"I didn't," admitted Henning. "I admit it."

"Then why buy it?" demanded Mervyn.

"Well, you see, it was like this. Remember that evening we were to have dined? Just before you went away it was. Your little model left just before I did. I caught her up. She was crying and trying not to let me see. In the end we dined together. I got the truth out of her—"

"Hope you didn't play the ass," growled Mervyn. "At that time I was more or less responsible for her. Besides I'd told her you—you'll laugh—I'd told her you were interested in her, thought her pretty—"

"I didn't. I wasn't. I'd never even noticed her."

"I know. But, lord, man, how I lit her up with hope!"

"I see," said Henning. "Her manner made me wonder. She was sorry I'd seen the picture. I couldn't imagine why. So you lied, did you? That was damned insolence."

"It was," said Mervyn, surprised but suave. "I admit it. But it did no harm. Besides you can't expect an artist to be troubled by scruples. I got the effect I wanted. That's all I cared about. 'Hope,' my boy, is going to make me famous. That's why I've come here to find out why the devil you didn't keep your promise to exhibit it."

"Couldn't," said Henning. "I'm glad you've made it so easy for me to tell you what's happened. You lit her up with hope, you say. So did I. That is, I burnt it."

"Burnt —!"

Mervyn's eyes bolstered and his jaw sagged. "It's no use getting furry," went on Henning. "We burnt it the day before our wedding. No sane man likes to hang in his hall a portrait of his wife in the buff."



G. W. Day  
THE HON. OSCAR GUEST AND THE  
MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE

On the North Berwick Links last week. The Hon. Oscar Guest is Lord Wimborne's youngest brother, and was formerly member for Loughborough. Lord Tweeddale was formerly in the 1st Life Guards

# POPE & BRADLEY

## THE THREE ESSENTIALS

**T**HE exclusive set of West End tailors who lead the fashions of the world, represents a comparatively small body of men. The House of Pope & Bradley occupies a foremost position.

**T**HE leading cutters are high-salaried men of established reputation, and the younger cutters, after a thorough practical experience, are trained under them in the perfection of their craft.

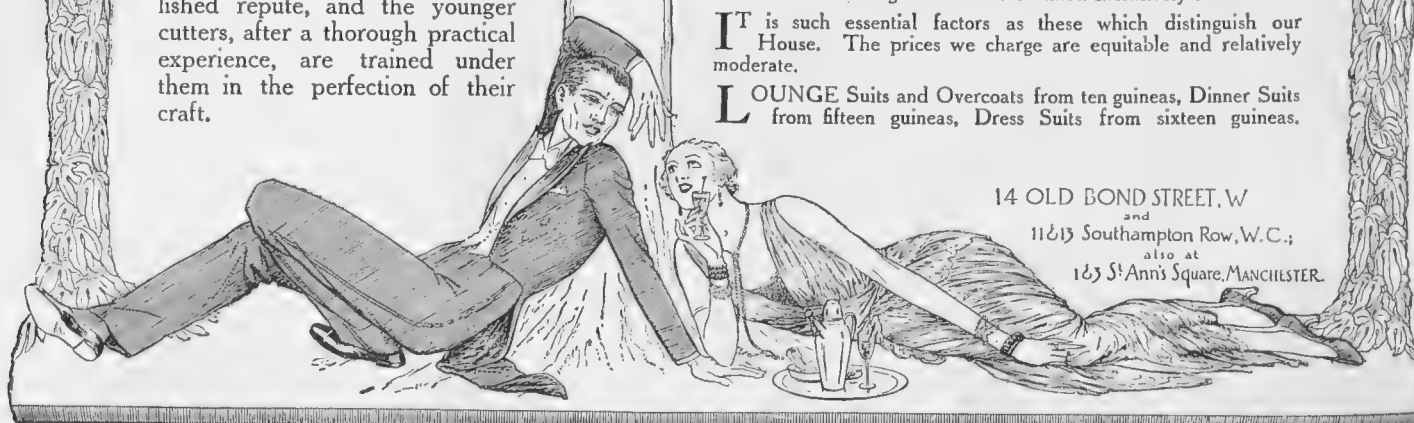
**T**HE sewing-tailors—the men on the board, who sew every stitch of each garment by hand—also play an enormously important part in the building of a suit. It is they who, following the cutters' design, mould and shape the style. These men are also the highest paid men in the trade, and at Bond Street work under ideal conditions in a workshop with windows north and east, and a skylight which runs across the entire top of the building.

**T**HE materials are supplied solely by the finest English and Scotch manufacturers, and each season we introduce a certain number of new designs which are confined exclusively to us.

**I**T is such essential factors as these which distinguish our House. The prices we charge are equitable and relatively moderate.

**L**OUNGE Suits and Overcoats from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W.  
and  
11 & 13 Southampton Row, W.C.;  
also at  
163 St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.





# THE LEG IS THE SOUL OF A KAYSER STOCKING

## ● BUT IT IS NOT THE SOUL MEN LOOK AT

● JEAN COCTEAU



Everywhere lovely women are asking for Kayser \* "Sansheen" — the fashionable stockings with the new dull finish and the graceful Kayser Slendo heel. Made from flawless clinging silk — like all Kayser stockings. Amazingly sturdy, they survive washing after washing. You can buy "Sansheen" in all the newest shades. Prices from 8/11.

\*Trade Mark applied for: Made in U.S.A. Wholesale Distributors: C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Sq., London, W.1

# An All-Suède Golf Suit



G. 1

**All-Suède Golf Suit.**—The soft selected skins allow the skirt to hang in a semi-flare from a fitting hip yoke. The coat is belted, lined throughout, and trimmed with insets of nappa in a contrasting colour.

A Suit that, without sacrificing appearance, ensures perfect freedom of movement with comfort and weather protection.

Coat	-	-	-	6	Guineas
Skirt	-	-	-	3½	"
Hat, to match	-	-	-	2	"

## Lillywhites LTD

### PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON

## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

### A Sabino Glass.

If Sabino ornaments were carved from gigantic opals the only difference would be in price. Refracting the light in countless colours, the palest shade of turquoise relieved by a rich, deep purple, points of flame here and there, a streak of lemon yellow. Then switch on the light, new beauty is unfolded, a patch of rose colour appears as if by magic, a kaleidoscopic change occurs, new tints, fresh hues, whenever you turn it, fascinating, glorious. Sabino's vocation was genuinely revealed from the time when he had to utilize glass no longer as an accessory part of a lustre, no longer as a bright piece of a candelabra with pendants, but on the other hand the intermediary, the support, indeed the vehicle itself of the electric light. It is, of course, absolutely impossible to do justice



A SABINO VASE AND LAMP SHADE

to the specimens of his art, three of which are pictured on this page. They are sold in many places, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, a letter or post-card must be addressed to Sabino, 15, New Bridge Street, when the name and address of the nearest agent will be sent.



A SABINO VASE

### The Duro Water Softener.

The consensus of opinion of the medical faculty is that softened water protects health and beauty by eliminating one of the chief causes of skin eruptions, rheumatism, etc. Furthermore, everyone knows that when soft water is used for the bath every particle of soap forms a cleansing lather, the pores are able to breathe, and the body glows with youthful vitality and health. Neither must it be overlooked that softened water is a domestic economy, as it saves time and work. Thanks to the enterprise of Drake and Gorham, 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., it is possible for every household to have a plentiful supply of softened water. All that it is necessary to do is to have a Duro Water Softener installed. There are many sizes and types suitable for various purposes, full particulars of which will be gladly supplied by this firm on application, together with an interesting brochure entitled, "Nature's Aid to Health and Beauty."

### The Duro De Luxe.

The Duro de Luxe Automatic Water Softener is to be warmly recommended, as behind it are years of water-softening experience covering hand-operated, semi-automatic, and automatic type. It is fully automatic, that is to say that it regenerates itself without any manipulation of valves or human attention whatever. Its outstanding principles are its simplicity, its economy in operation, and its permanency. Again there is the Duro Hand-operated Softener, the result of years of development and experiment. It is designed to meet the demand for a thoroughly efficient and durable apparatus at a price which brings it within the reach of all. All materials used are of the best.



A SABINO MASTERPIECE





## Linked with Lavender

Not many a fine Sunday morning's church parade in Rotten Row now could rival the gay promenade about Queen Caroline's Serpentine in 1770. Staccato chatter of red-heeled shoes . . . sweet sibilance of silk . . . and tenderly charming the fresh air, the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender. Yes — there in Fashion's best-loved perfume is the pretty link between those old days and these.

Unchanging through the changing years, the vogue of the Yardley Lavender never falters. To-day it is treasured all over the world for its wistful lingering loveliness.

*Sprinkler Top Bottles 2/6 to 16/6. Fancy Stoppered Bottles 6/9 to 70/-*

# YARDLEY LAVENDER

Also:

*Lavender Soap 'The Luxury Soap of the World' 2/6 a box of three tablets. Face Powder 1/9, Compact Face Powder 2/-, with Rouge 3/6, Talcum Powder 1/2, Bath Salts 2/6.*

*Of all Chemists,  
Coiffeurs & Stores*



YARDLEY

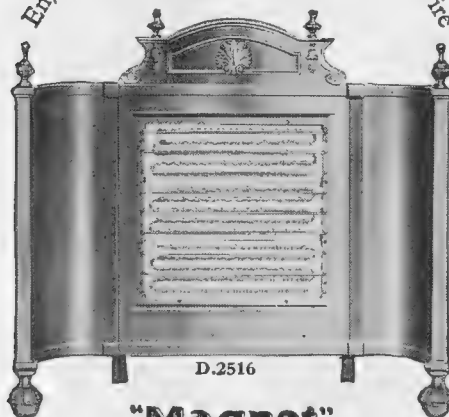
8 New Bond Street

LONDON

# EVERYTHING **The G.E.C.** ELECTRICAL your guarantee



Enjoy the comfort of a MAGNET Electric Fire  
MADE IN ENGLAND



## "Magnet" ELECTRIC FIRE

An example from the range of MAGNET Electric Fires at prices from 19/6 to £11 15s. Over 60 models to choose from.

**HIRE PURCHASE.** MAGNET Fires ordered to the value of £5 or over can be obtained on Hire Purchase. Ask your dealer for full particulars.

*Sold by all leading Electrical Contractors, Stores and Ironmongers.*

**WRITE** for descriptive literature sent **POST FREE.**

# "Magnet"

**ELECTRIC  
LABOUR SAVING APPLIANCES**

*Manufacturers (Wholesale only)*

**THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD**

**VISIT OUR SHOWROOMS.** *Head Office and Public Showrooms:*

**MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2**

*Branches and Public Showrooms throughout Great Britain*

**Inexpensive  
to buy  
Inexpensive  
to use**

MAGNET Electric Fires give you an abundance of warmth where and when you want it. Install them everywhere in the home. The MAGNET range gives you over sixty models to choose from. Each model embodies the highest standards of design, construction and finish, is fully guaranteed and is **MADE IN ENGLAND.**

There is a MAGNET Household Appliance for every electrical purpose in the home, consisting of Irons, Kettles, Toasters, Fires, Water Heaters, Wash Boilers, Cookers, Grillers, Floor Polishers, Cleaners, Health Stimulators, Appliances for the Toilet, etc.

## Pictures in the Fire—Continued from p. 226

is now. Most fortunately out here we nipped an attempt at a native rising in Natal in the bud arranged to coincide with all this in India, and organized and financed by Indian Soviet converts—all in gaol now! The danger is by no means over yet in India as the police are at breaking point, and no wonder. Bad state of affairs all along the east coast here. Sisal, copra, coffee, maize prices fallen 50 per cent. nearly; white men out of work everywhere, and the White Paper stating that native affairs must be "paramount" received with derision everywhere.

It does not look, therefore, as if all were so quiet on the Eastern front, and this is not surprising. There is an old Spanish proverb which says that if you run away from anyone he will run after you, but that if you run after him he (or she) will run away from you. It is extraordinarily true of other places besides Spain.

It is interesting to hear concerning our recent polo expedition to America in search of that elusive Cup, that after the second match our sporting opponents were most anxious that our ponies should not be sold but left in America till next year, when they hoped that we would challenge again. I hear that they said we should have won that second match easily if we had had a real No. 1 and if Mr. Lacey had been in the back end of the team instead of up in front, a position to which he is quite unaccustomed. They were full of sympathy for our bad luck in being deprived of both Captain R. George, the best No. 1 we have had for many a day, and of Mr. Aidan Roark, who apparently they think would have been invaluable in the back end, No. 3. They said, I hear, that if we had been able to play our team like this: George (1), C. T. I. Roark (2), Aidan Roark (3), and Lacey or Guinness back, we should have been all over them provided our ponies were able to stay it out. I gather



OFFICERS OF THE PRETORIA REGIMENT (XIIth INFANTRY BATT. OF THE DEFENCE FORCES OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA)  
H.R.H. Princess Alice has become Colonel-in-Chief of this regiment, which is affiliated to the Royal Welch Fusiliers

The names in this group are: Top row—Captain E. H. de M. McIntosh, Lieutenant C. G. Purchase, Lieutenant J. A. Dyer, 2nd Lieutenant B. H. Breedt, Lieutenant W. H. Teitge, 2nd Lieutenant W. D. v. Rensburg, Lieutenant W. J. Guest, Centre row—Captain H. W. Armstrong, M.B.E., V.D.; Captain H. S. Raves, 2nd Lieutenant S. J. Meehan, Lieutenant R. Farquharson, Lieutenant H. O. Sahlstrom, Captain F. J. Roos, Captain A. C. Simkins. Seated—W. J. Harrington, V.D.; Major D. A. Pirie; Lieut.-Colonel T. Scott, V.D. (C.O.); Major J. G. Jeffery, V.D.; Major W. B. Cluff, M.C.

they did not think it likely that our ponies would stand the racket after only a comparatively short time in the country, and that that is why they were so anxious that we should leave them there and have another go next year. As was suggested in these notes, there would have been no difficulty about waiving the mutual arrangement between Hurlingham and the Polo Association of America for an interval of three years between challenges. Another bit of news from the other side is that they said that Mr. Guinness was the best English back they had seen for a long time. It seems a pity that we cannot challenge again next year, for our material is not likely to be as good three years hence, whereas theirs is pretty certain to be even better. They have a second International team of boys growing up and we have not.

A letter from the Silver Fox Breeders' Association of Great Britain arrives to me *à propos* some recent communications from America and some extracts from an official publication of the American Government touching the methods of killing foxes which have been trapped or bred for their pelts. I am asked to state that the Silver Fox Breeders' Association of Great Britain adopt humane methods in killing silver foxes reared on their farms. I do not think that there was ever any cause to think that a British association would have countenanced, much less practised, the reprehensible methods which were disclosed in the publication referred to. The official document was sent to me by a well-known trapper in Chihuahua, Mexico, who whilst he defended his trade of a trapper showed us that he exercised every possible precaution to avoid any inhumanity towards his catches and disposed of them with the least possible suffering.





# VISIT SUNNY SPAIN

**D**O NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING THIS WINTER THE LAND OF ROMANCE, ART AND WEALTH RESORTS. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT IF YOU DO, AND YOU WOULD NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF FOR NOT GOING. MODERN ACCOMMODATION SUITED TO EVERY BUDGET.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board's Offices at London, 173, Piccadilly; Gibraltar, 63-67 Main Street; New York, 695 Fifth Avenue; Paris, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; Buenos Aires, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; Munich, 6 Residenzstrasse; Roma, 9 Via Condotti.

## WEDDINGS AND

## ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. BOUSKELL

Who were married on October 1 at the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Chislehurst. Mr. James Tempest Bouskell is the elder son of Mr. George E. Bouskell of Birstall, Leicestershire, and his wife was formerly Miss Violet Maud Fletcher of Chevender, Chislehurst.

## A New Year Wedding.

Some time in January the Rev. Angus F. Mylne, the youngest son of the late Right Rev. L. G. Mylne, some time Bishop of Bombay, and of Mrs. Mylne, is marrying Miss Ursula Mary Luker, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Luker of Petersfield, and the marriage will take place at Bulawayo.

## In December.

Lieutenant Julian Liddell, R.N., and Miss Evelyn Johnson have fixed December 10 for their marriage at St. Margaret's; on the same day Mr. Rea Hechle and Miss Joan Oakley are being married in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta; early in December there is the wedding between Mr. Philip K. Digby Jones and Miss Maureen D'Alton; and on the 17th Mr. James Hilton Luddington and Miss Nell Coke are to be married at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

## In Spain.

The marriage will shortly take place at Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, between Mr. David George



Bassano

## MISS MARY HOLMDEN

The only daughter of Sir Osborn and Lady Holmden, whose engagement was announced last month to Flight-Lieut. S. D. Macdonald, D.F.C., Royal Air Force, the eldest son of the late Dr. David Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald of Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire

Heyder, R.N., the son of Mrs. Heyder and the late Mr. Alexander Heyder of Liverpool, and Miss Constance Muriel Plewman, the daughter of Mrs. Plewman and the late Mr. Henry Plewman of Colesberg, South Africa; Mr. Daniel Martin Wilson, the only son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Wilson and Mrs. Wilson of 11, Deramore Drive, Belfast, and Miss Isabella Mary Frothingham Moat, the daughter of the late Mr. John F. Moat and Mrs. Moat, late of Collin House, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim.

Michael Fraser-Luckie, the only son of Mr. E. G. Fraser-Luckie of 28, Rue de la Baume, Paris, and Miss Carmen Zuleta de Reales, the younger daughter of the Condesa de Casares.

## \* Recently Engaged.

Captain H. G. L. Brain, 6th Royal Battalion 13th Frontier Force Rifles (Scinde), and Miss Barbara Mackenzie, the daughter of Brig.-General G. M. Mackenzie, late the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Mrs. Mackenzie of 70, Kensington Gardens Square, W.; Commander Philip Allan



MR. AND MRS. MAXWELL MORRIS

Photographed after their marriage on October 16. Mr. Maxwell Morris is a Barrister-at-law of King's Bench Walk, and the bride was formerly Miss Freda Abelson, and is the daughter of Mr. Seymour Abelson. Their wedding is a happy sequel to a match started on the tennis courts



Call for Castillon when you want a fine Brandy, mellow to the palate but with all the body and vitality of a fine Cognac . . . which indeed it is.

Buy Castillon in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine or spirit merchants or the principal stores.

BRANDY  
AT ITS  
VERY  
BEST



CASTILLON  
COGNAC

Willing C.C.38

NORVIC 2830  
In Black Flowered  
Brocade 30/-



## Shoes for Bridge and Dancing

YOUR true Bridge devotee takes little count of anything but the game. To her, "the play's the thing." But, alas, the game must end even as it must begin, and shoes beneath the table must come out to court inspection. Then "Norvic" triumph and delight all hearts, voted as they are "Trumps!" by everyone.

NORVIC  
and MASCOT Shoes

Write to-day for daintily Illustrated Brochure of Styles, containing also Hints on Contract and Auction Bridge by "Echo."

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH

## Prevent Colds

" . . . I did *not* have 'flu last year and put it down to Formamint. When I hear others have colds I take Formamint at once."

Miss R.B.—W.



FORMAMINT

WULFING BRAND

protects you against  
Influenza, Diphtheria  
and other infectious diseases.

At all Chemists, 2/6 per bottle.

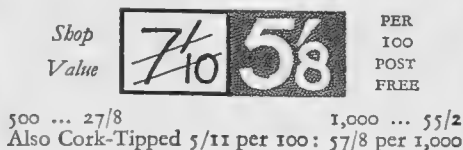
Genatosan Ltd. Loughborough. Leicestershire



# 3 *EXCEPTIONAL OFFERS* AT WHOLESALE PRICES

There is no risk, because—the famous Rothman GUARANTEE, perfect satisfaction or your money refunded in full, protects you completely. (See *Guarantee below*).

**3**—Sampling Cabinet of  
**6 ASSORTED EMPIRE**  
**TOBACCOS** for only **5/-** post  
free



The delicious flavour and fragrance will be a revelation in smoking pleasure and in value! Price 5/- per Cabinet, post free.

Rothman's of Pall Mall

## DIRECT-TO-SMOKER SERVICE

SHOPS AT:

5 & 52 PALL MALL, S.W.1.  
2 LANGHAM PLACE, W.1 (Corner Shop)  
10 HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.  
113 HOLBORN, E.C.1.  
4 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.  
26 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

5 & 5A PALL MALL,  
LONDON, S.W.1

**SHOPS AT:**

GLASGOW: 124 Buchanan St.  
MANCHESTER: 68 Deansgate.  
LIVERPOOL: 34 Lord Street.  
HULL: 43 Jameson Street.  
BRISTOL: 1 Clare Street.  
BATH: 18 New Bond Street.

# POST ORDER FORM

**WITH YOUR OWN INITIAL  
ON THE CIGARETTE!**

*Special Order Virginia*

This mild, de luxe Virginia cigarette is specially made to order, with any one initial printed in Gold on the cigarette. (As Illustrated).

You could have your own Initial for your own personal use; or a friend's initial, if you wish to pay him the unique compliment of a gift box of cigarettes specially ordered for himself.

Please note that we are ready to supply even a single box of 100 with this initialling.

In boxes of 100, at the  
Wholesale price of 7/6  
per 100 post free.

Also in Presentation Cabinets  
of 250 at 19/6 per Cabinet.

★ Please allow two or three days' notice for the special making and despatch of this cigarette.

To ROTHMAN'S Ltd., Dept. 35,  
5 Pall Mall, S.W.1. Please send me  
(by return) the goods as below, on the  
clear understanding that your Guar-  
antee applies to everything I order.

**GUARANTEE.**—Order any quantity of our cigarettes, and smoke as many as you find necessary to make a thorough test. If you are not completely satisfied, just return the remainder, when the purchase price will be refunded in full. This Guarantee also applies to any of our pipe tobaccos.

Quantity	£	s.	d.
"ASCOT" SAMPLING CABINET of 200 Cigarettes @ 10/6			
SAMPLING CABINET of 6 x 1-oz. Empire Tobaccos.....(at 5/-)			
	100	500	1,000
PALL MALL Virginia, Untipped.....	5/8	27/8	55/2
" " Cork-Tipped.....	5/11	28/10	57/8
★SPECIAL ORDER Virginia	7/6	36/9	73/6
<i>Please state which Initial.....</i>			
ALL POST FREE.	Remittance Enclosed		

ALL POST FREE.

Remittance Enclosed

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS

M.R.

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Work is proceeding apace on our Members' Show, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, December 4. The schedule will be posted to all members on November 2. This is usually a very pleasant, friendly kind of show. Anyone wishing to join the L.K.A. for it should write to Mrs. Trelawny. Of course the subscription of members who join now covers next year. The Crystal Palace is well known to us all and is easily accessible, and as our Members' Show comes at a particularly dull time of year it forms a most pleasant break. I hope all members will note this date.

As I said in my last notes, there is to be a novelty at our Open Show in the shape of General Obedience classes. Dogs intended to compete in these classes should be put into training at once. There is no more interesting or enthralling occupation for the winter days than training a dog, also it is an excellent advertisement for a breed, and greatly increases the value of the dog.



CHAMPION DARENTH PENNY  
The property of Mrs. McDonnell

The Field Trial season is now in full swing at the recent I.G.L. Retriever Trials held at Birdsall. Mrs. Hill-Wood did very well with her Labrador Hiwood Chance, winning second in the hottest competition. Mrs. Hill-Wood handled Chance herself. At the Wilts, Berks, and Somerset branch of the U.G. Society, Mrs. Charlesworth was awarded a certificate of merit with her golden retriever Noranby Jumbo.

Miss Pearson is one of our members who distinguished themselves at the late K.C. Show, as Kipyard Taffy was awarded the coveted certificate in hot company. This is all the more satisfactory as Taffy is home-bred—being by Champion Rikki Tikki. Miss Pearson's bitch, Kipyard Katrine, also did well, winning two firsts. Miss Pearson has some pups for sale of whom she sends a



FOX-TERRIER PUPS  
The property of Miss Pearson

snap. They are very well-bred, over three months old, strong and healthy. The ever-popular fox terrier needs no "boosting"; there is no better companion for the rough-and-tumble of ordinary life. Miss Pearson has a comparatively small kennel, so her dogs all get individual attention which makes a great difference in after-life.

Mrs. Everett sends a snap of her Alsatian bitch and her pups. She wishes to sell the whole family; she says the bitch is particularly kind-tempered and intelligent, and she wants her to have a good home, so will accept very moderate prices for the party. They can be seen by appointment.

The photograph is of Champion Darenth Penny, owned by the Hon. Mrs. McDonnell. Penny has won six challenge certificates, and this year won the green star at Foxrock, Dublin. Mrs. McDonnell has some charming puppies for sale by him, four months old. These promise to be exceptionally good, and later on should do well on the show bench. Dandies are becoming popular on the Continent. Several kennels have already started the breed in France, and negotiations are being made for the sale of some good specimens for Germany, where a fancier is anxious to commence breeding Dandies.

The Southern Dandie Dinmont Terrier Club is holding an All-Dandie Show at Tattersalls, Knightsbridge, on November 5. The show is open to all Dandie exhibitors and owners. It is hoped that all lovers of Dandies will visit the show. It will be open to the public from 10 a.m. until 5.30 p.m.

Mrs. Evans, the well-known mastiff breeder, has recently purchased a young bitch from the Darenth Kennels, and is starting the Dandie breed in Jersey.

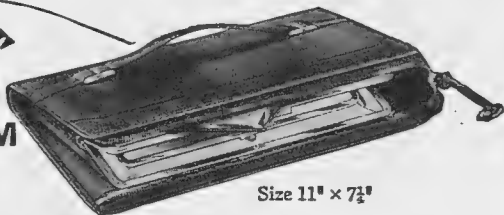
Letters to MISS BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



ALSATIAN  
The property of Mrs. Everett

## "ISIS" UNDER-ARM BAG

BRITISH MADE



Size 11" x 7 1/2"

New style best Morocco under-arm bag, lined moiré poplin throughout. Fitted large mirror. British Lightning fastener. Special feature—an interior frame with divided centre pocket. Expanding handle.

In all latest fashion shades

HANDBAGS OF DISTINCTION  
**Shillacraft**  
FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

This Seal is your Guarantee



Stocked everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "Shillacraft" bags.  
Write W. SHILLAKER & CO., LTD., 8-10 Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

## HAIRDRESSING, MANICURE, CHIROPODY,

—BY—  
EXPERT ASSISTANTS.

*E. S. Hill & Co. (1929) Ltd.*  
Established over 50 years.  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS.

Enquiries on all matters concerning the hair, either personal or by post, receive immediate attention gratis.

23, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## PRINCES HOTEL BRIGHTON



Situated in Hove, overlooking the famous lawns, and in easy reach of four Golf courses.

Princes Hotel offers the maximum of refined comfort,

with its many charming self-contained Suites of Rooms and the acknowledged excellence of its cuisine & service.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE ROOMS WITH & WITHOUT PRIVATE BATHROOMS.  
TARIFF—APPLY MANAGER.

'Phone: Hove 1065.

Telegrams: Princes Hotel, Brighton.

## Peerless LEVESON Prams

Here is the fashionable "Leveson" for a child aged from 3 to 6 years. It is exquisitely turned out, efficient to the last button, and unusually spacious. A car of high distinction.

Would you please write for Booklet No. 57, which describes this and various other exclusive models?

JOHN WARD  
Ltd.  
26, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,  
LONDON, S.W. 1



# The London Fashions Number of VOGUE

is out to-day

We admit that it's thrilling to shop in Paris. We know all about the dressmakers in the Place Vendôme and the shops of the Rue de la Paix. And we're enthusiastic, too, about French designs and designers.

But what about London? . . . .

Did you ever stop to consider that the mode as it is designed by the outstanding British creators is for *you*—as distinguished from the Parisienne or the American? Do you know that you can buy almost anything to be had in Paris right here at home? And do you realise that the best British shops have sent buyers with years and years of experience behind them to select and adapt the right clothes for British needs out of the confusing hundreds that Paris offers?

Vogue has seen this London mode—and been thrilled by it. Vogue has been to every shop, seen every collection, and used all its selective taste and authoritative judgment to present the new mode to you in the London Fashions Number, to be found at all newsagents from October 29th.

Besides pages and pages of clothes from London houses and shops, this issue will show some perfect, featherlight corsets, last-minute Paris fashions, articles on the house and garden, on picture-buying, on Jean Cocteau's new film. Ways and means, too, are considered. The "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes" section illustrates a Vogue Pattern frock designed specially by Jean Patou, inexpensive furs, new winter coats, clothes for children, and pages of new Vogue Pattern designs.

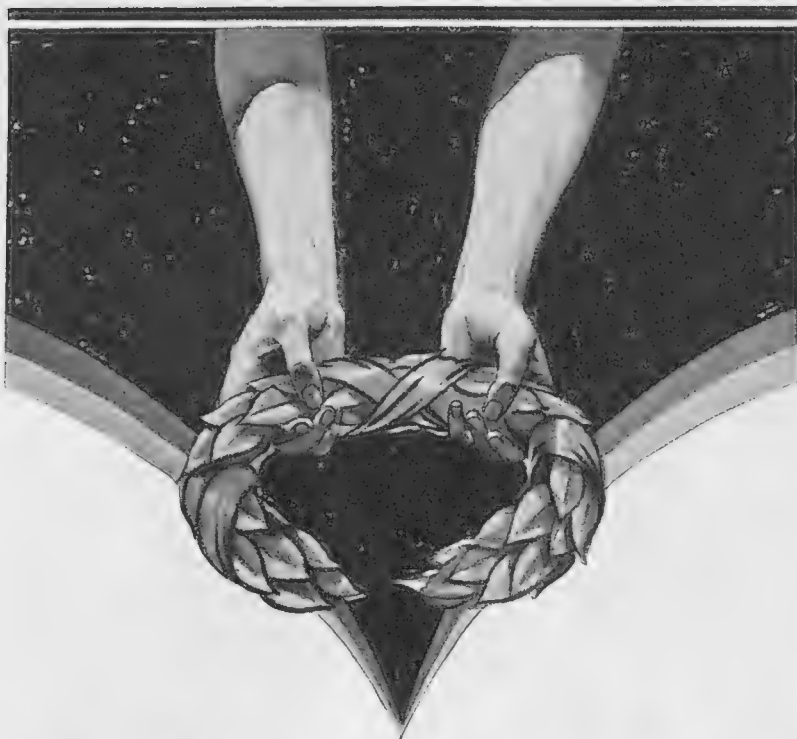


Copyright

Vogue chooses these two models as typical of the best English designs. The tweed coat on the left, for morning, is from Derryls. For formal afternoon wear Busvine has created the velvet suit on the right. Vogue tells you the important fashion points of these and many other equally smart English creations in its London Fashions Number.

**PARIS PROPOSES BUT LONDON DISPOSES**  
**SEE HOW** by buying this all-important issue to-day 1/-





## ACHIEVEMENT

*... bringing reward to effort,  
crowning endeavour with success.  
Achievement is an essential of  
development—the necessary pre-  
liminary to progress . . .*

*It has been the proud privilege  
of Castrol to achieve distinction  
by helping others to achieve . . .  
Wonderful records, on land, sea  
and in the air, have been es-  
tablished by its aid. The future  
is full of untold achievements—  
in which Castrol will inevitably  
participate.*

WAKEFIELD

# CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

May we send you our Brochure "1930 Achievements"?

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., ALL-BRITISH Firm, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

## PETROL VAPOUR—(continued from p. 236)

tools to be considered. To change a sparking-plug ought to be a reasonably clean-hands job. According to my experience it is very infrequently so. But I will not go on multiplying these instances with which most of us are familiar; rather will I direct attention to a small matter which I confess has before now goaded me almost to frenzy. You get a fill of lubricating oil at a service station. The attendant, however careful he may be, always gets his fingers dirty in handling the filler-cap, and this dirtiness is transferred to the milled heads of the bonnet-fasteners or to the handles of the clips, as the case may be. So next time you have to open the bonnet on your own account you get a begrimed thumb and first finger. Now if oil-filler-caps were made with an extension they would be perfectly cleanly to manipulate and we should no longer have to put up with these irritations. Whilst I am in the grouchy-grousy mood I may as well complain about another thing, and that is the quite common use of a goose-neck sort of arrangement for the petrol-tank-filler. Now, pace

the manufacturers of these instruments, dash-board fuel-gauges are not always the acme of reliability (I have twice been very badly let down), and there is nothing like a straightforward 'ole down which you can poke a twig or the shaft of a golf-club. Then you know for certain where you are. Of course the goose-neck idea implies that luggage need not be interfered with when replenishing tanks. Let it stay by all means, but let it be supplemented by a simple cap through which (even if the suitcases have to be unstrapped) the actual amount of available juice can be verified. Then yet another thing. We nearly all carry petrol cigarette-lighters to-day. How many car designers have seen the desirability of fitting a fourpenny half-penny drip-cock at some place in the fuel system where it can supply its trifle of clean spirit. Can it be denied that such a thing would be a great convenience. Talk not to me of the

drain-tap at the bottom of an Autovac. Above it collects much rusty water and other impurities (it rarely runs until you jab a wire through its bore), and to cleanly and expeditiously fill your lighter from it is almost impossible.



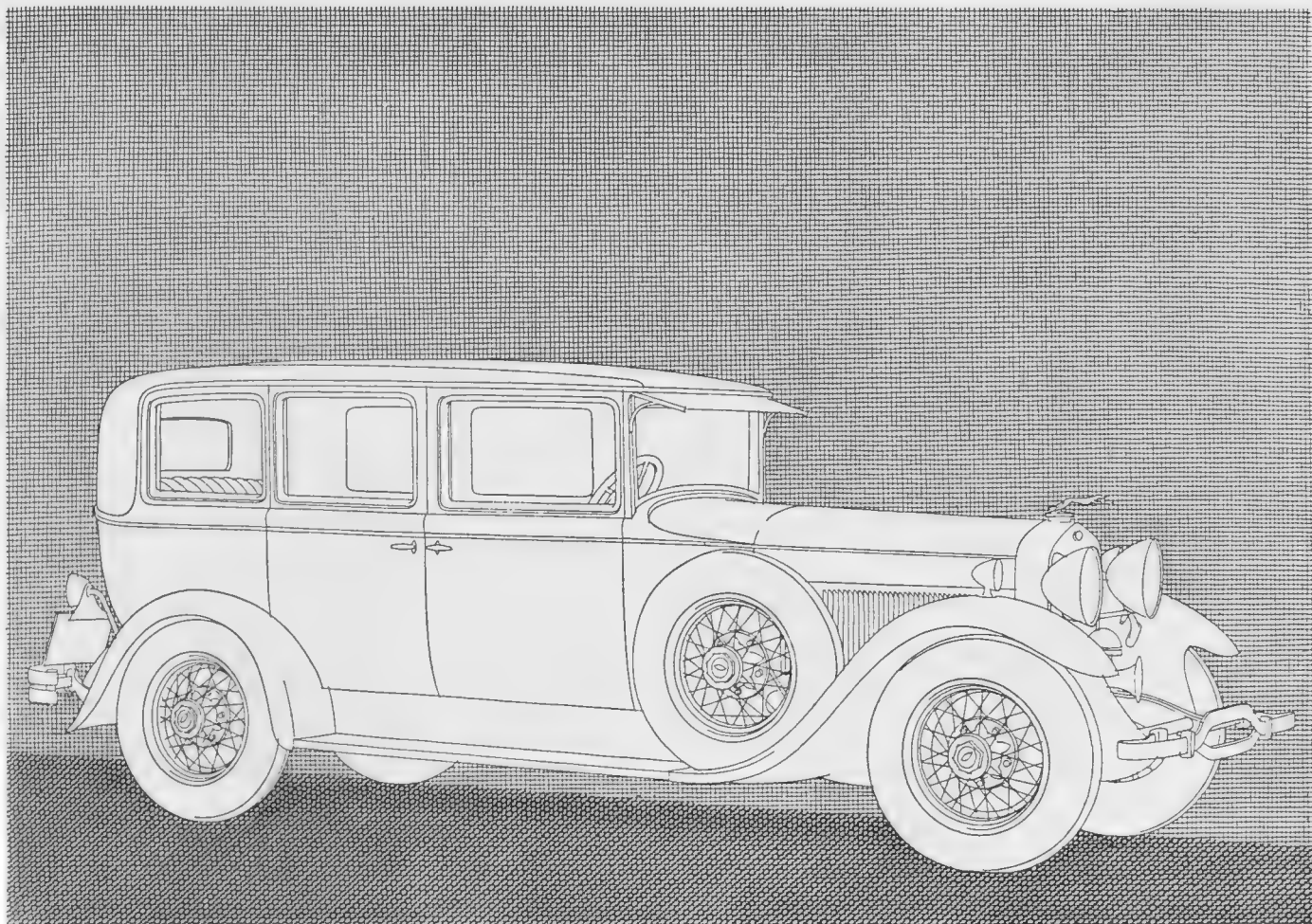
MISS VALERIE FRENCH AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

A snapshot in London town last week. Miss Valerie French is a daughter of the Hon. Edward French, a brother of the present Lord Ypres, and Mrs. Philip Kindersley was Miss Oonagh Guinness and is a daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness

## AIR EDDIES—(continued from p. 206)

account of his holiday tour of the Continent in his light aeroplane. The tour lasted from Saturday to Wednesday and embraced France, Germany, and Belgium. The total cost was £22, or £11 per person. This is evidence of how the aeroplane can save money whenever long-distance touring is to be attempted. Probably the chief saving is in the incidentals, that nebulous item in the expenses sheet which may include almost everything and usually does. The incidental expenses are certainly much less when touring by air than they are when touring by road or rail.

Other items of air news of which note should be taken are the flight of Mr. R. F. Caspareuthus from England to Cape Town, and the winning of the Zenith Cup by a British aeroplane and engine. Mr. Caspareuthus in his Puss Moth did the journey from England to Cape Town in nine days, or half a day shorter than the previous best. The Zenith Cup was won by M. Bret, an officer of the French Air Force. He flew a second-hand Gipsy Moth (the one which made fastest time in this year's King's Cup race), and averaged 112 m.p.h. round a course of 1,034 miles, including five compulsory stops for refuelling. A Gipsy Moth gained second place, these two being the only aircraft to finish the course. This is about as fine a tribute as could be imagined for British aircraft and engines.



THE LINCOLN SEVEN-PASSENGER SALOON

## LET US SHOW YOU

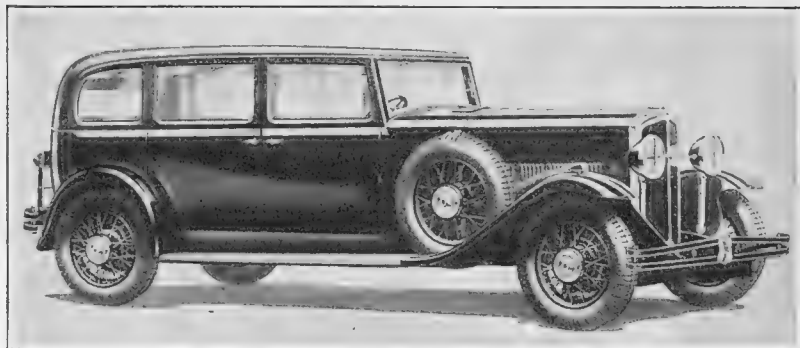
*Ordinary words are not strong enough to convey an adequate conception of the greatness of the Lincoln motor car. If we described the way in which the Lincoln is created and gave full credit to its performance it would seem to those who do not know the Lincoln that no car could merit such high praise. We ask you, therefore, to let us reveal the Lincoln personally to you. We can then explain the unusual policy that determines its makers to create "As fine a*

*motor car as it is possible to produce." Point by point, we can reveal its unexampled greatness to you. When you understand the resources which make the Lincoln possible you may then be able to believe that such a car as this can be sold at such a price. Call in at any time for an understanding of the Lincoln, or—wherever you may live—a Lincoln will be brought to your door for an extensive trial run. Ford Motor Company Ltd., Lincoln Car Dept., 88 Regent St., London, W.1.*

# THE LINCOLN

## Motor Notes and News

Wednesday, October 8, marked the occasion of an interesting function in motoring circles when Messrs. Coppen Allan Auto Distributors, Ltd., formally opened their showrooms at 205, Great Portland Street, as a 100 per cent. Rover car depôt, and exhibited for the first time in London



THE ROVER METEOR LIMOUSINE

the 1931 range of Rover models. The showrooms are probably the largest in central London to be devoted to the display of one make of car, and some idea of their spaciousness may be gathered from the fact that seventy cars can be comfortably exhibited. This enterprise has been made possible by the popular nature of the 1931 Rover programme, and also by the appointment of Messrs. Coppen Allan Auto Distributors, Ltd., as the sole wholesale distributors of Rover cars throughout a large area including London, Middlesex, Hertfordshire, a large part of Surrey and Essex, and a portion of North Kent. The Rover programme for the ensuing year is a most attractive one; a range of four models is available, amongst them being an improved 10-25-h.p. known as the Family Ten, and supplied either as a full four-seat, four-door coach-built or genuine Weymann saloon or a Weymann sportsman's coupé at the remarkable price of £189, fully equipped with safety-glass wind-screen, electric wind-screen wiper, folding luggage-grid, etc. Other models in the range are a 2-litre at £298, an entirely new Light Twenty at £358, and the well-known Meteor at £398, all six-cylinder models with four-speed

gear-boxes having a silent third. The body-work range of the 2-litre and the Light Twenty consists of a coach-built or genuine Weymann saloon and a Weymann sportsman's coupé, whilst the Meteor is supplied as a coach-built or Weymann saloon or Weymann sportsman's saloon. In addition the Meteor range includes a magnificent seven-seat coach-built limousine mounted on a long wheel-base chassis, and priced at £548.

\* \* \*

Fifteen hundred miles of continual travelling over rough country and second-class Canadian roads, without any mechanical adjustment whatsoever. That is the praiseworthy record of this American Austin reproduced herewith, used by the Toronto Scottish (a regiment affiliated to the London Scottish) in their summer tour. "The Austin was employed," says the driver, "as official car, dispatch carrier, officers' transport, rations-carrier, and so on. It was particularly useful when travelling across country. In this rough-going the car seemed to amble along and adapt itself to any sort of conditions, without any signs of distress. It gave perfect evidence of the service that may be expected from its sturdy British parentage." In other words, it showed itself to be every bit as dependable as the Austin we know over here.



AMERICAN AUSTIN

Used by the Toronto Scottish in their summer tour



Another of the latest

## "Red-Ashay" ILLUMINATED MOTOR MASCOTS

Registration No. 511,338. Patents applied for all over the World.

"Acceleration," the charming mascot shown above, is one of the range of beautiful car decorations bearing the name "Red-Ashay." Modelled in glass of extraordinary strength, a "Red-Ashay" mascot gives the finishing touch to any smart car. Most attractive when unlighted, its beauty is greatly enhanced when illuminated. Four separate colours and combinations of these colours can be shown by turning the adaptor, without dismantling. As shown very successfully at the Olympia Motor Show. Prices from 50/-, with chromium-plated mounts.

Allow the makers to send you gratis their coloured folder illustrating more than 30 of these novel forms of car decoration.

COMPLETE RANGE OF ALL CREATIONS AT OUR LONDON SHOWROOMS.

Manufacturers & Patentees:  
H. G. ASCHER LTD.,  
4-8, Acomb Street,  
C-on-M., MANCHESTER.

H. G. ASCHER LTD.,  
Stevenage House,  
40-44, Holborn Viaduct,  
LONDON, E.C.1

Glasgow Showrooms:  
H. G. ASCHER LTD.,  
16a, Princes Square,  
GLASGOW, C.1



## TWO DE-LUXE CRUISES

Special Christmas Cruise to the  
**MEDITERRANEAN**  
Dec. 19, visiting Ceuta (for Tetuan), Palermo,  
Naples, Villefranche (for Nice and Monte Carlo),  
Malaga and Lisbon. Also a 46 days' Cruise to the

**WEST INDIES**  
January 24, 1931, calling at Las Palmas, Porto  
Rico, Barbados, Trinidad, Panama Canal,  
Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba, Nassau, Bermuda, Madeira.

BY THE  
**"ARANDORA STAR"**  
WITH PERFECT CUISINE AND SERVICE

Write for full particulars

# BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1  
(Gerrard 5671)  
Liverpool 10, Water Street  
(Or Principal Tourist Agents)





*For  
Discriminating Smokers*

555 VIRGINIA

**STATE EXPRESS**  
CIGARETTES

TURKISH 444

ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD. LONDON

75A

## EVE AT GOLF

(Continued from p. 234)

It speaks wonders for the golf that Miss Gourlay is playing just now that she could go on to the West Hill Open Meeting next day and hand in a 77, which equals the scratch score. Miss Winn, armed with a new putter which did deadly execution, just got the better of her by one stroke, both cards being made all the more remarkable by the fact that each had a seven in it. Miss Gourlay also went on to win the foursomes with Miss Chambers—a very fine performance against the enormous field, just as all square was a fine return, for the conditions were difficult in wind, a certain amount of rain, and gathering darkness.

In the Surrey autumn meeting four days later, Coulsdon Court baffled Miss Gourlay as it baffled almost everybody else. Now this must be accounted a thoroughly modern course. If you want to tease tigers (says the last word in golf architects) you must not give them a multitude of bunkers all down and across the fairway; that only helps them to judge distances; you must leave wide open spaces, and keep your bunkers for bad approaches just round the green. That is what Coulsdon Court have done, and the result was that Miss Gourlay, Miss Dorothy Pearson (for the event was an Open one), Mrs. Potter, and other folk to the tune of 150 odd were thoroughly at sea. They might all console themselves by eating a huge and delicious lunch for an extremely small sum, but the verdict of the majority on their own play was comprised in one word, "abominable."

However, the day did provide one complete triumph for somebody, and that was Miss Jean Hamilton. This is her first season for Surrey, but in addition to winning every county match except one she is now the very



AT CATTERICK RACES: MRS. PAUL AND SIR HENRY LAWSON

The going was distinctly on the yielding side at the recent meeting at Catterick Bridge, that favourite Yorkshire course, but the racing was good and runners plentiful. Sir Henry Lawson's seat, Brough Hall, is at Catterick, Yorkshire

worthy holder of the Scratch aggregate cup given by the men of Surrey, the handicap aggregate National Playing Fields' Association trophy, as well as winning the scratch prize, tying for third handicap, and winning the partner's best ball with Mrs. Crosthwaite. Having handed in 79-2=77 she had every right to so much spoil, for the par is 77, and the next best scratch score was 85 from Mrs. Douglas Fish and Mrs. Jarvis, the tie going to Mrs. Jarvis.

The Coronation Medal went to Mrs. Thompson of Walton Heath with 75 net after a tie with Mrs. Pelmore.

## RUGBY RAMBLINGS

(Continued from p. 228)

The Dark Blues may take longer to settle down, for their colonial cracks have hardly lived up to the reputations they brought with them. This often happens, generally for climatic reasons, Oxford not being exactly a health resort in the average winter, and the ground at Iffley Road is rather different from those to which they have been accustomed in sunnier climes. But the new captain, S. J. Hoffmeyr, himself a South African, knows all about that, and he is deadly keen on following in the footsteps of his fellow-countryman, T. W. Gubb, and repeating the Twickenham triumph of a year ago.

It is only six weeks or so to the 'Varsity match, and not too soon to express a hope that we may have an English referee in charge. The well-known Welshmen are excellent in their way, but this is essentially an English function, and it is a little hard on our hard-working officials to be passed over so often. The most willing horse has to be fed. "LINE-OUT."

for the Gentlewoman

**MAYFLOW SHOES**

"JEANETTE" Special Feature—  
LEATHER TAILORED HEELS  
Fine quality Zulu Lizard, with Zulu  
Willow fittings, also in  
Black Lizard and Box  
Calf fittings... 25/9

**ABBOTT**  
324 OXFORD STREET  
(Next to D. H. Evans).  
82 REGENT STREET  
(Opp. Piccadilly Hotel).

By the House of

## Sturdy Little Overcoats

HERE are some examples which serve to show that the worth-while qualities of good taste, skilful tailoring and characterful style can be reconciled with moderation in price.

No. G451. A double-breasted coat for girls, with inverted pleat and half belt at back. Of excellent quality material, resembling a Harris tweed. Lined throughout artificial silk. In attractive shades of hazel and autumn browns. For girls aged 2 to 9 years.

Sizes and Prices:

0000	000	00	0	1	2	3	4
34/-	34/9	35/6	36/3	37/-	37/9	38/6	39/3

No. A451. Boy's double-breasted overcoat in a fine quality tweed which is an excellent reproduction of the famous Harris homespun, with an inverted pleat at the back and loose half belt. Lined throughout with artificial silk. In several attractive mixtures ranging from fawn to medium brown. For boys 2 to 8 years.

Sizes and Prices:

0000	000	00	0	1	2	3
34/-	34/9	35/6	36/3	37/-	37/9	38/6

Write for catalogue of other styles—post free.

## Daniel Neal

& SONS LIMITED

3-7, Portman Square, W.1

120-126, Kensington High St., W.8



## A Confident Invitation

Let a man come prepared to criticise without compunction what the "New Tailoring" has to offer him. Let his own exacting standards be the criterion by which he assesses the value, quality, style and fit of "New Tailoring" dress clothes. Let him compare the speed and certainty of

choosing clothes instead of cloth with the delay and possible disappointment of the older methods. Finally, let him be pleasantly aware while doing all this, that, until he signifies unreserved approval, the question of purchase will not arise.

Dress Coat - 7 gns. Dinner Jacket 4½ & 6 gns. Waistcoat - 30/- Trousers - 45/-  
*Any garment can be purchased separately and matched at any future time.*

**AUSTIN REED'S**  
 of REGENT STREET

TEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

WEST END: 103-113 Regent St., W.1 24 Coventry St., W.1 CITY: 13 Fenchurch St., E.C.3  
 Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and Bristol

THE "NEW TAILORING"—*The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth*

SX 4330

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON



## STARS OF THE AIR

By EAMON GARRY

For some inscrutable reason there are tens of thousands of people in this country who are crazy to become radio artists. Time was when the footlights, and later the films, were the lure. Now the red light of Savoy Hill is the attraction. Consequently the B.B.C. are deluged with applications and rushed off their feet with auditions to aspirants who ought to know better.

In order to make it easier for everybody concerned I will discuss the matter here. First of all be it noted that there is no money—comparatively—in broadcasting in this country. Secondly, the publicity value alleged by the B.B.C. is small and, in some cases, damaging to the artist. Thirdly, the demands of the microphone are so different from those of the stage that an entirely new technique is required.

This question of microphone technique is important. Assuming that I am an instructor in that subject, it would be seen that my methods would be quite different from those of instructors of stage, concert, and opera performers. I would, for one thing, insist on voices low in volume, to escape the blasting that accompanies too much input into the microphone. It will be realized that in radio production, as in moral guidance, the small voice may be a distinct asset.

The microphone loves beautiful and gentle tones—a maximum of quality with a minimum of quantity. No agency reveals carelessness in speech as cruelly as does radio. Diction introduces a host of new problems to be solved by the broad-casting novice.

If, for example, the feminine artist uses the deep, round tones so popular with some actresses, she may sound like a man, or at least like a woman with a harsh old voice. If she pitches her voice too high she may sound like little Eva. If she uses stage technique in a part which calls for an expression of mild petulance or annoyance she may sound ill-tempered, shrewish, or violently angry, particularly when the tempo is fast. She must learn to compromise—to sacrifice what the stage calls realism, if necessary, for the sake of effective results.

She must learn, further (with the public speaker), to exercise the most careful control of explosives and sibilants. The explosives (p, b, t, d, k, g) will blast in the microphone if uttered with the forcefulness customary on the stage or platform. The sibilants must be soft, yet sharp and

clear. Unless guarded they will produce a lisp. Repression, clarity, and slow tempo are demanded in the use of both.

A well-known radio star told me that one of the most difficult of all lessons consists in learning to ignore the audience in the studio while the performance is being broad-cast. To the artist there is an almost irresistible urge to act for those actually before her eyes rather than for the unseen and unseeing millions. When Jeritza sang her first solo into the microphone she not only directed that the studio be cleared of all but the announcer and the musicians accompanying her, but insisted that curtains be drawn across sound-proof windows in the rear of the room through which spectators might look.

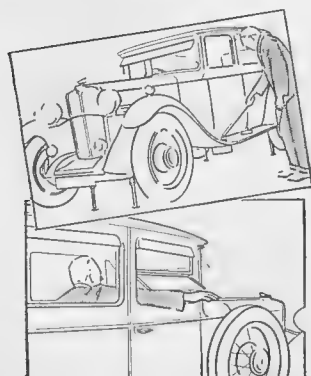
The man at the control board was advised to try to keep out of the range of her vision. Other artists, while dreading a studio audience, appear to gain confidence from the presence in the room of persons very close and dear to them. When Galli-Curci was on the air she kept her eyes constantly on Homer Samuel, her husband and accompanist. Fokina, the dancer, held the hand of her husband, Fokine, throughout her spoken broad-cast.

Having regard to the fact that the B.B.C. can only use about 100 artists per week, there is disappointment awaiting the majority of radio aspirants. Also, having regard to the quality of many of the artists that pester the ether, there is ample room for talent. At times the performances are execrable. Some days ago a baritone worried me so much just before lunch that my wife telephoned the B.B.C. to discover how they ever came to select him. He would insist on singing about being master of his soul in order to prove that he was not master of his voice.

Then the B.B.C. calmly explained that the morning broad-casts were really experimental. The artists are given their chance to show whether or not they are suitable. If they are not there is no re-engagement. Meanwhile the poor long-suffering listener has to put up with the torture. And the worst part about it is that occasionally there is some wheat among the mid-day chaff. The listener then is faced with the alternative of tolerating the intolerable in the nebulous hope of suddenly hearing something worth the trouble of switching on. Most of these before-lunch broad-casts serve to make me admire the thoughtful foresight of the radio manufacturers in providing a switch-off knob.

This whole question of radio artistry is of prime importance to the B.B.C., and of chief interest to the listeners. In my opinion the solution of the problem is for the B.B.C. to form a college of radio instruction, where artists can be thoroughly tutored with microphonic technique

## THE COMET AND PLANET RANGES OF 1931 STAR CARS



**THE MOST COMPLETELY EQUIPPED CARS ON THE ROADS—TWO YEARS GUARANTEE AND TWO YEARS FREE PERIODICAL INSPECTION**

EQUIPMENT INCLUDES: SMITH'S HYDRAULIC JACKING SYSTEM (which lifts the whole car or any one individual wheel off the ground), PATENT SIGNALLING WINDOW, SILENT THIRD SPEED GEAR-BOX, Bendix Perrot brakes on four wheels, Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, Automatic thermostatic radiator shutters, High pressure engine lubrication, One-shot lubrication, Reserve petrol supply, Concealed tables, Fog visor and fog light, Sliding roof, Window louvres, etc.

**Prices: Comet Range £495**

**Planet Range £695**

**All Models**

Call or write for Illustrated Literature.

**THE STAR MOTOR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON AND LONDON**  
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 27, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

(Associated with GUY MOTORS LTD.)



# Wool for Safety

Wool is the foundation upon which your health and vitality largely depend . . . Clad in the smooth, fine Pure Wool and Silk and Wool textures of "Pesco" you are shielded from the cold and soothed by the comforting touch of nature's own protection . . .

All "Pesco" garments are unusually durable, unshrinkable and finely fashioned in modern, smoothly fitting styles which afford the utmost freedom of movement.

# Pesco

Trade  
Mark



ASK FOR "PESCO"  
SCOTCH AND BEST

Obtainable from leading Drapers and Hosiers in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, also in knitted sports wear and hosiery. In case of difficulty enquire from the Makers for names of nearest Agents.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (DEPT. No. 27), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

## ARABIAN

CIGARETTE CO. LTD.

### TURKISH

THE CIGARETTES OF THE CONNOISSEUR.  
MILD AND HARMLESS FOR THOSE WHO INHALE.

**ALL HAND MADE**

"ARABIAN" No 10	20 for 1'4	100 for 6'6
"ARABIAN" SPECIAL	20 for 2'1	100 for 9'10
MOSMÉE (LARGE)	25 for 3'1	100 for 11'10

THE ARABIAN CIGARETTE CO. LTD. 37, ST. MARY AXE E.C.3



## Autumn and Winter Overcoats for all weathers and for every occasion

Ready to wear or to measure from **6 GNS**

Suits from 7 gns. Tweed Hats 2 gns.  
Winter Sports Suits from 6 gns.

*Please write for  
Folder "A"*

AGENTS IN ALL  
PRINCIPAL TOWNS



By Appointment  
to His Majesty  
the King.

# Aquascutum

*Ltd.* Tailors and Overcoat  
Specialists since 1851



By Appointment to  
H.R.H. the Prince  
of Wales.

**100 REGENT STREET . LONDON . W  
and 113 Piccadilly**

## PERSONALITY IN PICTURES



IN WESTMEATH: LADY NUGENT AND HER SON AND DAUGHTER Vyvyan Poole

Lady Nugent, who is the wife of Sir Walter Nugent, Bart., who is a Senator of the Irish Free State, is very well known with the Westmeath Hounds. Sir Walter Nugent is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and the National Hunt. The two children are Peter, the heir, and Heather, the elder daughter



AT NORTH BERWICK: CAPTAIN AND MRS. RIVIERE Balmain  
AND SIR WILLIAM RAE BURN

Mrs. Riviere is Sir William Raeburn's daughter by his second marriage. Sir William Raeburn is chairman of the Clyde Trust amongst other things, and his principal recreations are playing golf and yachting

Established 1852

# GOOCH'S

Rebuilt 1930

## Supply Every Need for Boys' Every Occasion



The "Taplow"  
JERSEY

GOOCH'S have been supplying Complete Outfits for Boys of all ages for over 75 years—and through all these years our rigid adherence to the policy of supplying the finest qualities only has never wavered.

### The "Taplow" JERSEY

The small design in this well-fitting Jersey affords a pleasing change, and the contrast provided by the collar and cuffs gives an excellent finish. Made from superior wool yarns in Fawn, Tan, Blue and Grey. To fit 3 to 8 years. First size

13/6

Rising 1/- each size.

### The "Laleham" OVERCOAT

A charming style for autumn. A delightful example of specialisation in Juvenile Tailoring. The smartly fitting back is finished with a half belt and inverted pleat from the waist downwards. In Tweeds in good shades of Fawn and Brown, and a Blue Mixture. Also in Navy Velour Coating. To fit 3 to 8 years. Tweeds, first size

48/-

Rising 2/- each size.

Navy Velour, first size

62/-

Rising 2/- each size.



The "Laleham"  
OVERCOAT

Autumn  
Catalogue  
Post Free  
on request.

## RIDING KIT for Boys & Girls

The Cutting and Tailoring of Riding Garments, especially for growing boys and girls, can only be successfully undertaken by experienced craftsmen. The garment illustrated is made in our workrooms under the supervision of experts. The materials used are specially made for the purpose, and include Whipcords, Riding Tweeds and Covert Coatings.

GIRLS' RIDING COATS AND BREECHES. To fit 8 to 14 years. In Fawn Whipcord. First size

115/-

Rising 3/- each size.

JODHPURS (Boys' or Girls'). In Fawn Whipcord. Boys—to fit 6 to 9 years. Girls—to fit 6 to 13 years. First size

42/6

Rising 1/- each size.

Patterns and Estimates for Boys' and Girls' Riding Kits post free upon request.



'Phone—Kensington 5100

GOOCH'S OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.3

'Phone—Kensington 5100



# FASHIONABLE EVENING GOWNS



No. 1

No. 2

WE have one of the most interesting collections of original Paris models in London, which can be copied by our staff of highly-skilled fitters and workers at considerably lower prices than those ruling in Paris. We are further constantly receiving new models, which can be adapted and modified to suit the requirements of our customers, who can rely on our stock being thoroughly up to date and in sympathy with the latest trend of fashion. In view of the quality of the materials used and the workmanship our charges will be found extremely moderate.

*Model Gown Department,  
First Floor*

## THE ILLUSTRATIONS

A BEAUTIFUL MODEL GOWN (as illustration No. 1) in sapphire Velvet, featuring the new back, with attractively cut skirt. Can be copied to order in any colour. Estimates and patterns post free.

AN ATTRACTIVE DANCE FROCK (as illustration No. 2) in fine Lace cut on youthful lines, and finished with shaped detachable cape.

PRICE 8½ Gns

CATALOGUE POST FREE

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.1.  
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

# GRACEFUL GOWNS AT GAMAGES

There are three things which the fashion specialists at Gamages do very well . . . . they combine elegance with utility . . . . smartness with economy . . . and above all maintain the traditional Gamage value.

In our tea-gown and maternity gown section these things are convincingly demonstrated.



No. 1.

No. 2.

**No. 1.** The medieval features of this beautiful tea gown give it an unusual character. The original is a model by Alexandre, which we copy in georgette, ring velvet, or brocade in all colours and black. Various prices from

**11** Gns.

according to material.

**No. 2.** This attractive frock is chosen from our new collection of models cleverly adapted for maternity wear. It is made of lace and chiffon in all the newest colours and black.

**PRICE 7** Gns.

We have other maternity frocks for day or evening wear from 5 gns.

## GAMAGES MARBLE ARCH

LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MAYFAIR 9494

## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £12 to help a dear old-fashioned couple who have only £1 weekly to live on—their combined Old Age Pensions. As their rent for their two unfurnished rooms comes to 10s. each week, they have very little left for food, lights, winter coal, etc., and can rarely afford the comforts their age demands. Although they are seventy-six and seventy-two they try to earn a few odd shillings occasionally, but their efforts to find jobs are really pathetic and meet with little success. The old man often suffers a great deal, for he has acute sciatica and dreads the winter months, finding them long and weary. Two years ago we sent both husband and wife to Horsham for a week, where they revelled in the country air, and were overjoyed to see the flowers. This year we have repeated the treat, and they have spent a precious week at Leigh-on-Sea. It would be hard to find a more deserving couple, or people who are more grateful for any kindness, and we ask you to help us continue their allowance for the next year.

Guy Fawkes Day will soon be here, so lose no time in getting your fireworks—but they must be Brocks. Several novelties have been introduced this year: the rolypoly, a very ingenious little firework, which as its name suggests, rolls about in the most eccentric manner. The speedway slider, which dashes along the ground in a way reminiscent of the dirt-track rider. These may be looked upon as a companion to the electric hare, which had such a phenomenal sale last season, and shows no falling off in popularity. Then there is the autogyro, a miniature helicopter that rises vertically into the air amidst a shower of golden rain. Also the whirlwind, which is the modern development of the old Catherine or pin wheel. This is able to move at much greater speed, owing to a specially designed centre bearing on which it revolves. For those who prefer their fireworks to be of a less exciting nature, there is the emerald spray, a very pretty fountain, which throws up clusters of silver spray from a jet of emerald-coloured fire. Hummers and buzzers need no explanation, since their names explain their behaviour. Boys always insist on bangs, and in these the old-fashioned squib and cracker still hold their own. Brocks' 1930 novelty in this type of firework is the little wonder, which is retailed at 4d. each.



RACING IN WALES: MRS. WYNDHAM-SMITH AND COLONEL ROBERT SANDEMAN

At the Welsh St. Leger a short time ago, in which Insurance, an outsider, upset the short odds betted about Prince Paradise. Lieut.-Colonel Robert Sandeman used to be in the 10th Hussars, and afterwards commanded the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry

The White Rose Festival dinner is being held on Friday the 31st at the Mansion House. Princess Beatrice, who will preside at the dinner, takes a particular interest in it, as she is president of the Ladies' Association, by the members of which this effort is being made to raise funds for the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney. Lord Carisbrooke will be chairman at the dinner, and the Lady Mayoress will be present. The Lord Mayor will come to the reception to be held at 10 o'clock. All particulars for those who wish to obtain tickets can be had from Mrs. Margaret Maclean, Byron House, 7, 8, and 9, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

For their next production at the Savoy on November 9, the Repertory Players have chosen a very unusual thriller. It is described as "A ghost story in three acts," and is written by Emlyn Williams, the actor. He calls it *A Murder Has Been Arranged*. The story opens in the partly dismantled Adelphi Theatre, the leading character in the play having borrowed the stage for the purposes of his ghost story. On November 13 the Repertory Players will hold their annual autumn ball at the Park Lane Hotel. This is bound to be a very jolly affair.

Before going abroad this winter an excellent book to consult is the fifteenth edition of "The Winter Sports Annual," by J. B. Wroughton. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs and maps and contains 188 pages of interesting matter about winter sports resorts and hotels in England, Scotland, Austria, France, Italy, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. Cecil Palmer is the publisher, and the price of the book is 1s.

# HEALTH AND SUNSHINE BECKON YOU TO EGYPT



**SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO**  
A modern hotel standing in its own grounds. Beautiful suites of apartments. Large gardens, Restaurant and Grill Room.



**CONTINENTAL SAVOY HOTEL, CAIRO**  
In the centre of the town, overlooking the Opera Square and the Esbekieh Gardens. Excellent cuisine.



**LUXOR HOTEL, LUXOR**  
A luxurious modern hotel, providing excellent accommodation at very reasonable rates. Centre of great archaeological interest.



**MENA HOUSE HOTEL (PYRAMIDS) CAIRO**  
A veritable Oriental palace. At the foot of the great Pyramid, on the border of the Libyan desert. All sports.

**METROPOLITAN HOTEL, CAIRO**  
A popular family hotel in the centre of the town. Every modern luxury and convenience, including private bath for every room. Excellent cuisine. Exceptionally reasonable rates.

Health - giving sunshine, invigorating and steady—you are sure of it in Egypt, where, among unique scenery and picturesque surroundings, the amenities of modern life and the mysteries of an ancient civilisation combine to offer the most alluring, the most romantic and the most satisfying holiday-making in the world. If you seek renewed health, if you desire sport, or the luxury of magnificently equipped hotels, or the archaeological interest of a country abounding in ancient monuments and relics of a past civilisation—go to Egypt!

Interesting and beautifully illustrated Brochure on Egypt and its many attractions may be obtained on application to L. Suter, Esq., Secretary General, Egyptian Hotels, Ltd., Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.



**SEMIRAMIS HOTEL, CAIRO**  
A palace of comfort and luxury in unrivalled situation. Commanding magnificent views of the Nile and surrounding country.



**GRAND HOTEL, ASSOUAN**  
Situated on the banks of the Nile, in one of the most beautiful spots in Egypt.



**WINTER PALACE, LUXOR**  
Situated on the banks of the Nile, within easy reach of the Valley of the Kings. One of the finest hotels in Upper Egypt.



**CATARACT HOTEL, ASSOUAN**  
Built on granite foundations, above the river level, in dry surroundings and invigorating air.

**HOTEL AND SHOOTING PAVILION**  
In FAYOUM PROVINCE, which is one of the most picturesque parts of Egypt. A Shooting Pavilion on the shores of LAKE KAROUN, a salt lake in the neighbourhood of FAYOUM, offers excellent facilities for shooting and fishing. Ideal for sportsmen.

## HELOUAN

The only place near Europe where balneological treatment can be obtained during winter months in a summer climate. The Bathing and Thermal Establishment, on one floor level, is equipped with the most modern apparatus and appliances. Separate sections for ladies and gentlemen, European masseurs and resident medical staff. Helouan—

Egypt's premier health resort—stands on high ground, close to Cairo. The Grand Hotel offers everything necessary for the comfort of invalids, and special arrangements can be made for diet, attendance, massage and other forms of treatment. Golf on finest sand links in the world. Tennis and dancing.

## Blue skies and old world peace

Come to the land of the Blue Bird, where the flowers are blooming amid warmth and sunshine. Saunter along coral lanes 'neath azure skies, bathe in blue limpid lagoons, visit crystal caves and view the wonderful deep-sea gardens. There's yachting, fishing and a warm welcome. First-class hotel accommodation.

## BERMUDA Isles of Sunshine



For full particulars write, The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



## Immaculate OVERCOATS

As a matter of sheer convenience alone the speedy service of Moss Bros. is unequalled. But when you consider that not only can you secure a winter overcoat in a matter of minutes, but that overcoat will fit you perfectly and be of the exact shade and texture that you require—it's really remarkable.

Overcoats from 5 gns.

Telephone:  
Temple Bar  
3341 (6 lines).  
Telegrams:  
Parsee, Rand,  
London.

**MOSS BROS. & CO. LTD.**  
NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. & GENERAL OUTFITTERS  
*of Covent Garden*  
(CORNER OF KING ST & BEDFORD ST) LONDON, W.C.2.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE



## LONDON CINEMAS.

**REGAL**  
MARBLE ARCH  
Padd. 9911  
**ALHAMBRA**  
LEICESTER SQUARE

PAUL WHITEMAN and his  
BAND in

**"KING OF JAZZ,"**

with JOHN BOLES.

**STOLL, KINGSWAY.**

DOORS OPEN 12 noon (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Entire Week Commencing Oct. 27th  
All-Talking Musical Romance **"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD,"**  
of the French Revolution,  
featuring LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES.  
A Talking, Singing, **"MONTANA MOON,"**  
Romantic Drama,  
Starring JOAN CRAWFORD and JOHN MACK BROWN.



**Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S**  
Pedigree **AIREDALES** (for  
house protection), **WIRE**  
**FOX, CAIRNS, SEALY-**  
**HAMS, SCOTCH** (Com-  
panions or Exhibitions),  
**COCKERS** (all colours),  
**"CLOCK HOUSE," BYFLEET**  
Surrey (Stat.: Weybridge),  
or seen London. Famous  
ready-cooked **DOG FOOD**,  
1/- tin. All Stores & above.

'Phone: Byfleet 274



**The Dixie Kennels**  
of **SEALYHAMS**  
**PUPPIES & ADULTS**  
at reasonable prices.  
**BINSTEAD PLACE,**  
near **ALTON, HANTS.**  
Tel. 46 BENTLEY.  
Seen by appointment in  
London.

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS

**Cuticura Soap****Protects Your Skin!**

**Cuticura Soap** not only cleanses the skin, but it is antiseptic and healing as well. It has medicinal properties which are most beneficial to the skin—its fragrance is delightful. Try it today, and note its invigoration!

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

**Bedford**  
*Riding Breeches Co.*

Makers of  
High Class  
**RIDING**  
**OUTFITS**  
at Low  
Charges.

**BREECHES**  
from 21/-

**BREECHES**  
& JACKET  
from  
4 Guineas

Ladies' and  
Children's  
Outfits a  
Speciality.

Call and in-  
spect or send  
for patterns  
and compare.  
Mention "The  
Tatler."

Every garment individually cut to your  
measures and absolute satisfaction  
guaranteed.

You will be surprised what money we  
can save you on your Riding Outfit.

ONLY  
ADDRESS: 19, NEW QUEBEC ST.,  
MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM  
THE MARBLE ARCH.

**OBESITY**

**THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS**  
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accu-  
mulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout  
men or women to their normal weight, at the same  
time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and  
nerve force. This standardised treatment, double  
strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt  
of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—  
**MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Road, Leicester.**  
Box 89

**Are you interested in Aviation  
and its Future?**

Established Joy Riding Company has  
opportunity to extend and commence  
operating from a new Airport.

Additional Capital is required.

**CORNWALL AVIATION Co., Ltd.,**  
St. Austell.



**GIVE GENEROUSLY  
FOR YOUR POPPY  
REMEMBRANCE DAY**

## LIST OF HOTELS.

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS  
**ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL**

Many of our visitors come several times every year. Motor down to lunch one day. You will find the hotel, for all its hundred years, fitted with every modern luxury—a truly comfortable place to stay at. Electric lift, central heating, garage, famous chef.  
Write for illustrated booklet. Inclusive terms from 4½ Gns.

TORQUAY **VICTORIA & ALBERT**  
FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL

Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra.

**HOTEL ALEXANDRA**

LYME REGIS, DORSET.

On the borders of Devon.

First-Class Family Hotel facing the Sea and South.  
Central Heating. Running Water in Bedrooms.  
Special terms for long stay.

Ideal Winter Resort.  
Winter terms from 4½ Gns.  
A. H. HINTON, proprietor.

**DINAN**

Hotel de Paris et d'Angleterre.  
The British Home of—

**BRITTANY**

First-Class. Winter Terms from 7/-

**NICE** GRAND HOTEL DE CIMIEZ  
and PAVILLON VICTORIA

The largest park on the Riviera. Latest comfort. Moderate terms.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR VISIT TO PARIS  
**TO REMOVE YOUR  
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR FOR EVER**

This new method is EXCLUSIVELY in use at the  
**INSTITUT DE DEPILATION PERMANENTE**  
8 Rue Roquepine (Boulevard Malesherbes)  
Téléphone: Elysées 20-67  
Booklet sent on request.

**RAWLINGS'**  
— BREWED —  
**GINGER BEER**

Pre-eminent for 140 Years.

NEATE STREET, LONDON, S.E. 5

Let the "Great Eight" Help  
You When You Go to Paris  
and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII<sup>e</sup>, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.



**NILDÉ** present their latest Paris crea-  
tion—a Self-Compacting box which  
makes its own soft compact—for use  
with a soft puff. Put a little loose  
powder in the box (Poudre-Crème-Nildé  
if you want the best), turn the inner lid  
and presto! there is your compact.

No more hard refills to buy, no more  
hard puffs. Get a Nildé Self-Compact-  
ing box to-day—price 4/- complete with  
puff and soft compact in any of the  
eleven shades.

Nildé preparations are  
on sale at all chemists,  
hairdressers and Stores,  
or post free from Dept. 4,  
Nildé (Paris) Agency  
Ltd., 258, Euston Road,  
London, N.W.1

Illustrated catalogue  
free on request.

**NILDÉ**  
**SELF-COMPACTING BOX**

**NOVIO**  
**TOILET PAPER**  
Rolls, Packets & Cartons  
—most economical—  
Sold everywhere.  
See the "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July, 1907

# SUPER SHAVING

Dermutation - the science of beard softening - is the basic principle of Mennen Shaving Cream, which lathers copiously and quickly in hot, cold, hard or soft water. Softens the toughest beard in double-quick time, making the razor cut clean and close without drag or soreness. Sold in the large green-striped tube.



Have you tried the new MENTHOL-ICED Shaving Cream perfected by Mennen? A dash of Menthol refreshes and invigorates like an icy breeze. Sold in the big orange-striped tube.

Both kinds obtainable from Chemists and Stores at 1/6 per tube.

## MENNEN

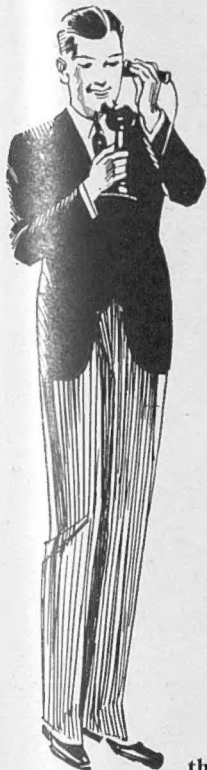
Standard & Menthol-iced SHAVING CREAM

**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

Please send me, Free and Post Paid, a Mennen Sample Kit containing Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, Mennen Standard Shaving Cream, Mennen Talcum for men and Mennen Skin Balm.

Name.....

Address.....



## FOR BUSINESS WEAR

Men, fastidious with regard to their personal appearance, invariably wear the Boston Garter. This represents efficiency and security with supreme comfort.

The **BOSTON GARTER**  
Regd. Trade Mark.

though so unobtrusive, affords absolute support for the sock and is strong, durable and light in weight. Obtainable in a variety of styles and colours from all Hosiery and Outfitters.



From **1/6<sup>d</sup>** Per Pair

MADE IN ENGLAND

# Behind the Scenes in Advertising

## No. 3.

WHAT happens when the directors of a large manufacturing concern formulate their plans for an Advertising Campaign?

The potential market is examined. Reports of salesmen and travellers are considered. Estimates of output are made. Margins of wholesale and retail profits are fixed. Lines of appeal to the ultimate users and consumers of the product are carefully weighed and considered.

It is here that the services of Advertising Practitioners are called into play.

These men have made Advertising their profession. They have amassed knowledge of trade customs, of ways of getting widespread and efficient distribution of goods, of the preferences and predilections of all classes of consumers. They *know* how to appeal to "men and women in the street."

The Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising holds annual examinations to test the eligibility of applicants for associate membership. A Fellow (F.I.P.A.) or an Associate (A.I.P.A.) must have served a probationary period in Advertising and is required to have sufficient knowledge of Advertising to be able to plan, organise or produce a national Advertising Campaign.

ISSUED BY THE  
**INSTITUTE OF INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING**

3-4, CLEMENT'S INN, LONDON, W.C.2



# IN THE NOVEMBER



ONE SHILLING



ON SALE NOV. 1st

"VIVE LA COMMUNE!" by F. Britten Austin  
 "WOMEN MUST HAVE A NEW CODE OF HONOUR" by Lady Drummond Hay  
 "ON TELLING THE TRUTH" by Harold Nicolson  
 "THE NIGHT RUNNERS OF NIRONGO" by Beatrice Grimshaw  
 "NOEL COWARD-ICE" by Hannen Swaffer  
 "UNFLAMING YOUTH" by Christine Jope-Slade  
 "THE CRYSTAL FAIRY" by Ferdinand Tuohy  
 "THE CANDID FRIEND" by Cecil Roberts  
 "FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY": LIVIA, THE WIFE OF AUGUSTUS. Described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.  
 "NOT ALL BEER AND SKITS..." by Archibald de Bear  
 "RIVIERA" by Olga Hall-Brown  
 "THE CIRCE OF THE CAN-CAN" by M. Willson Disher  
 "TOO MANY GENTLEMEN?" by Negly Farson  
 "UNDERWORLD" by Diana Bourbon  
 "THE PATTERAN" by Dixie Willson  
 "SUBJECTS—OR OBJECTS?" by Sydney Tremayne  
 "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES" described by Pamela Murray  
 "PARISIAN" by H. Pearl Adam  
 "LONDON FASHIONS" by Madge Garland  
 THE FOUNDATIONS OF FASHION  
 "INDOOR GARDENS" by Olive Rinder  
 "DRESSING UP THE TABLE" by Pamela Murray  
 WINDOW SHOPPING  
 "LUNCHING IN NOVEMBER AND A NOVEMBER DINNER MENU" by Catherine Ives  
 "CONCERNING BACCHUS AND THE HOSTESS" by Len Challoner  
 "A BACHELOR HOUSEHOLD"  
 "A COURSE OF EXERCISES" by Antonia White  
 THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme  
 "THE UNSEEN MIRACLES OF MOTORING" by The Earl of Cardigan

# BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE  
MAGAZINE